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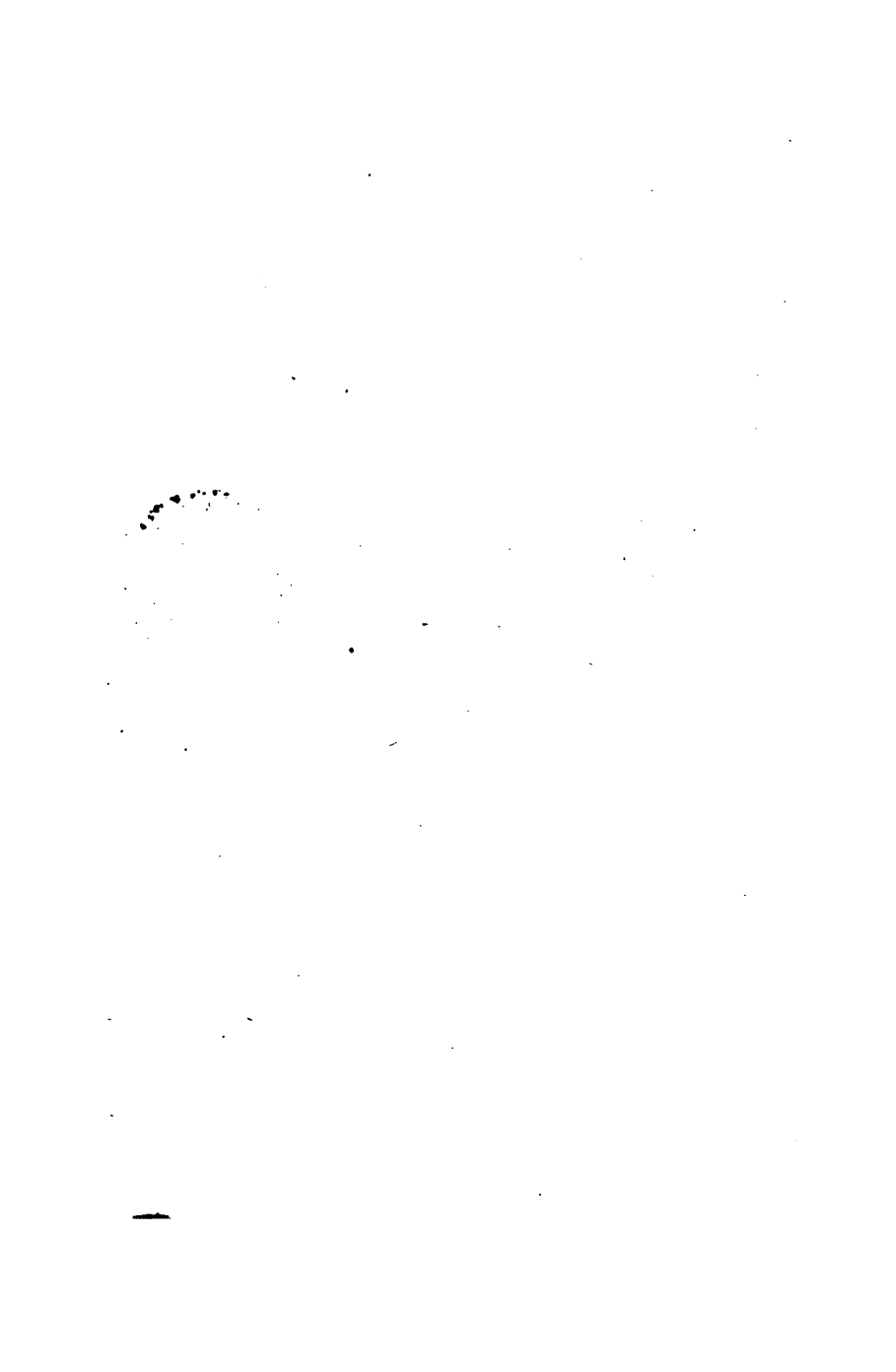


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An Alpine Tale.

“E’en now, while Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend.”—*Goldsmith.*



Alpine Tale:

SUGGESTED BY
CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH OCCURRED TOWARDS
THE COMMENCEMENT
OF THE
Present Century.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"TALES FROM SWITZERLAND."



"Hail! awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose:
Can passion's wildest uproar hush to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!"—BRATTLE.

"Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ."

V O L. II.

L O N D O N :
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AN
ALPINE TALE.

CHAP. I.

"So may we oft a tender father see,
To please his prattling son, his hope and joy,
Coast all about to catch the roving bee,
And, stung himself, his busy hands employ
To save the honey for his gamesome boy ;
Or from the snake her rancorous tooth eraze,
And make his child the harmless serpent chase,
Or with his little hands her swelling crest embrace."

NEARLY three weeks passed without any tidings from the castle ; a period much longer than any which had intervened without the arrival of Alphonzo, since the renewal of his acquaintance at the glen. Heavily had their hours rolled over the heads of Emily. Often would she wander in voluntarily towards the brow of the hill, and cast a wistful look in the direction of the

castle, if possibly she might catch a glimpse of the accustomed form—but in vain. Days and weeks were numbered, but he came not. Some horseman might occasionally meet her view, and her heart would beat quick for a moment; but, the next, it only sunk into deeper dejection, as his nearer approach revealed a stranger, and elicited from her the sad inquiry; “Will he never come again?” Her disquietude, it is true, was alleviated by the consciousness, that it had been her desire to demean herself as became a disciple of the Redeemer; yet still, she could not exculpate herself from the charge, which had a foundation only in her tendersolicitude, of having ‘spoken unadvisedly with her lips.’

The morning had gone by amidst these and similar reflections. She had visited the haunts which Alphonzo’s presence had so often enlivened; but she found no rest among them—he was no longer there. She ascended the hill, hoping that its lighter atmosphere would remove the weight from her bosom, and restore the elasticity of her
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than before. She descended to the vale, but there the air was insupportable. She sat down to table with the family ; but it was in vain that she attempted to eat. Her heart was full, and her food remained untouched. Thus agitated, she had retired to her room ; and there, bowing in humility, was laying open the distresses of her mind. At the mercy-seat, she met with a Friend whom she could trust, and who was ever ready to listen to her complaints. To him she could reveal every feeling in her breast, with all its delicate sensibilities, and without a blush. Her Bible was lying before her ; and a tear, where resignation was mingled with the anguish that called it forth, had just fallen upon the page, when she was startled by a knock at the door. She rose hastily—it was her favourite attendant, similar in piety, and not less interested perhaps in the welfare of her mistress, who had educated her with parental tenderness, than was that little maid of old who directed the Syrian leper to the prophet.* A smile of compassion and

* 2 Kings, v. 3.

affection illuminated the girl's countenance, as if she considered herself the bearer of good tidings to one she loved. Putting a note into the hand of her mistress, and saying ; "It's from the castle, Miss Emily ;" she hurried away, urged by a sense of natural good-breeding, that she might neither witness, nor interrupt, the emotion her message might excite.

Emily eagerly snatched and opened it ; scarce allowing herself leisure to follow successively its contents. It was from Alphonzo ; and expressed in substance his unfeigned regret, that he had not been able to summon resolution again to confront her eye, since their last painful interview. Her words, he said, had sunk into his heart, and awakened many an agonizing, but, he hoped, profitable, thought. He could not but fear, that she would always find him far below her own standard of excellence ; yet he trusted, that his one supreme desire was—to be prepared to meet his God. She might accuse him, possibly, for withdrawing from her presence so abruptly on a

late occasion, but he had the solemnity of a promise to contend with, as well as the distressing agitation of his own heart. If she could ever think, he added in conclusion, of sharing his joys and sorrows in the dearest bonds of earthly relationship, she must never hope that he could be a guide to her; but, if she would lean on his arm, and direct him in the path he should pursue, his beloved Emily would find him a willing pupil, and a devoted friend.

Like the light mists of morning before a summer-sun, Emily's apprehensions vanished, as she read. She could now divine the reason of his protracted absence, and with peculiar pleasure dwelt in her mind on the delicacy which had restrained him from visiting her. We need not say how often she perused the welcome lines, nor with what lively gratitude she now approached that mercy-seat, where but a moment before she had sunk down in such bitterness of spirit. These are the little tendernesses of hallowed love, in which every pious and

feeling bosom will participate, and which it will easily picture to itself.

The next day brought Alphonzo to the glen. Expecting, from the tenour of his note, that he would desire a personal interview, and that she might consequently look for his arrival, and anxious that their meeting should be private, Emily, after leaving a message for him with her faithful maid, walked up the hill, and sat down under the shade of an ancient oak, where, according to a traditionary tale still told among the Alps, Victor Amadeus, one of the dukes of Savoy, had passed a night, when driven upon the coast by a storm that overtook him while he was fishing on the lake, and where he was discovered asleep in the morning by a pretty peasant girl, who, ignorant of his rank, awoke him, saying it was dangerous to sleep there, and, observing him exhausted, offered him some milk which she was bringing from the mountain, and whom he afterwards made the partner of his throne. Here, Emily was reposing, and reading the interesting story of Ruth, whose piety and simplicity of spirit

she was praying to be enabled to imitate, when she heard a foot. She thought she knew the manly step. Her heart beat quick and quicker ; but as yet no one was visible. It drew nearer—and you would have supposed that every pulse which heaved her breast, would have burst its fragile covering. A form appeared—she rose, and received Alphonzo. We shall not attempt to describe the emotions with which they met. How different they were from those with which they had last parted, we shall leave to the imagination of the reader.

Their intercourse was now renewed under other and more benign auspices. Explanations were mutually given, and readily accepted ; and ere Alphonzo had quitted the seat he had taken beside Emily, she had consented one day to become his bride. Thenceforward, life wore to each of them another aspect, while every revolving hour only seemed to prove how necessary they were to each other's happiness, and to render more apparent the conformity of tastes and sentiments, which the unreserve of their

continued and frequent interviews had been silently operating between them. With hearts as yet untouched by disappointment, and acquainted only by rumour with the unnumbered sorrows which attend the path of mortality, they gave themselves unconstrainedly to the sweet illusions of hope. Meanwhile, it was Emily's gentle and pleasing task, to tend, as with an unseen hand, the germ of piety in the bosom of Alphonzo. Though sown, and imperceptibly gathering strength, it was still of immature growth. Gradually, however, it expanded under the fostering culture of heaven, and she doubted not but the evidences of his adoption into the family above would daily become more manifest, and that she would ere long behold Alphonzo all her tenderest anticipations could desire.

Some time subsequent to the period at which we are now arrived, Alphonzo was called to Paris. He had been frequently drafted into the ranks of the conscription, and had found it difficult, notwithstanding

the payment of large sums, to get himself exempted from serving ; and it was now deemed expedient, both by his own friends and Emily's, that he should visit the seat of government, and make the requisite arrangements in person, in order to avoid any thing disagreeable in future. As he was detained, from various unforeseen difficulties, much longer in the French capital and elsewhere than he had anticipated, his letters to Emily were of course numerous, and not less so her's in reply. That we may not crowd our pages, however, with a correspondence, which, deeply as it engaged the parties, might be tedious to general readers, we shall select only a few of the more interesting communications, which may serve, we hope, the double purpose of amusing the reader, and carrying forward our narrative, until Alphonzo becomes once more a dweller amidst the scenes of his nativity.

ALPHONZO TO EMILY.

Paris, June 10th.

I HAVE just arrived, and hasten to convey the intelligence to my Emily, hoping that, while I fulfil this duty, she will accept it as an offering of the tender affection I bear her. The weather was favourable ; and had it not been that I was absent from all I love on earth, and momentarily removing to a greater distance, I might have enjoyed the journey. But, when the heart is sad ; every thing we are conversant with partakes of its emotion. No wonder, then, my Emily, that with the last look I turned towards your lovely vale, as I reached the summit of the Jura, my spirits sunk, and my pleasure was changed to melancholy. Thenceforward, nature seemed but a blank to my eye. The fertile plains of France, and her hills covered with vines, appeared barren and desolate ; and I often fancied that I was travelling through a wilderness.

I should express my obligations to your fond solicitude, which urged me to provide

myself with a passport from the military, as well as from the civil, authorities. The former, for which I am solely indebted to your care, was peculiarly serviceable, as I was continually accosted by the patroles, which, in these unhappy times, are marching and countermarching in every direction. Had it not been for my double security, they would willingly have been rude, as my Swiss accent rather betrayed me. Let me be thankful, however, for the mercy which has followed me, and brought me hitherto uninjured.

‘ Wars and rumours of wars,’ with their attendant horrors, thicken over our hemisphere. I had occasion to witness a most painful scene in the vicinity of Dijon. A young man, lately married, had been drawn, amongst others, to supply the place of those whom ‘ the sword, the famine, and the pestilence,’ are daily sweeping away. He had been ordered to repair to the depôt, but being rather dilatory, unwilling probably to leave his wife and fire-side, a party of *gens-d’armes* were commanded to arrest him. It so happened, that at the time of their

arrival my carriage drove up. Enquiring into the circumstances, I determined to wait, that I might, if possible, calm the exasperated ferocity of the soldiers, and comfort their unfortunate prisoner.

They had already seized him, and were driving him forward at the point of the bayonet, when his wife, with an infant at her breast, rushed in among them apparently in a state of extreme agitation, and threw her arms about her husband's neck. In this manner they continued for some minutes; sobbing and crying alternately; "O Antoine, my dear Antoine!" "Lucie, my Lucie, must I leave thee, my beloved Lucie?"—So touching was the sight, that the guard themselves were almost moved to tears. Observing this, I asked if nothing could be done, and offered to be at the expense of a substitute; but they replied that their orders were peremptory, and they dared not disobey. At this moment, an officer, the Count de P., whom I had been acquainted with in Vienna, rode up, and after threatening the soldiers with martial

severity for permitting such miserable trifling as he called it, desired the young woman with the most dreadful imprecations to let the conscript go, or he would run her through. Not hearing him, probably, she still clung to her husband, when the wretch drew his sword, and, whether he actually intended to kill her, or merely to frighten her, I cannot affirm, but, before I could arrest his hand, the body of her helpless babe received the thrust, and with a little shriek the innocent expired. "P."—I called—He turned round, and seemed surprised. "Mertenburg," said he, at length, "is that you?" Then, without waiting reply, or taking the slightest notice of the murder he had committed, as if it was a matter of total indifference, he commanded the guard, on pain of death, to carry off the prisoner instantly, and appear before him on arriving at the depôt to answer for their conduct. He then put his horse to a gallop, and was soon out of hearing alike of my indignant expostulations, and the cries of the unfortunatè Lucie.

affection illuminated the girl's countenance, as if she considered herself the bearer of good tidings to one she loved. Putting a note into the hand of her mistress, and saying ; "It's from the castle, Miss Emily ;" she hurried away, urged by a sense of natural good-breeding, that she might neither witness, nor interrupt, the emotion her message might excite.

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see, as you will recollect, one evening, I met a poor creature who appeared to be in great distress. There was a semblance of humility and diffidence in her exterior, which attracted my attention ; for you know I am more friendly to the modest and uncomplaining of the children of affliction. She curtsied as she passed me, and I could perceive that she had been weeping. She did not speak, however, and I permitted her to walk on without interruption, expecting, indeed, that she would have addressed me with some tale of woe, real or fictitious. Finding that I was mistaken, and my heart smiting me for having accused her unjustly, I ran back to her, and overtook her as she entered the adjacent hamlet.

Apologizing for my intrusion, for I could not help feeling that I was intruding, so mournfully dignified was her aspect, I said I feared she had some cause for the sorrow I observed depicted in her countenance, and expressed my hope that she would allow me to participate in her grief. Looking at me steadfastly for a moment, as if to scrutinize my

castle, if possibly she might catch a glimpse of the accustomed form—but in vain. Days and weeks were numbered, but he came not. Some horseman might occasionally meet her view, and her heart would beat quick for a moment; but, the next, it only sunk into deeper dejection, as his nearer approach revealed a stranger, and elicited from her the sad inquiry; “Will he never come again?” Her disquietude, it is true, was alleviated by the consciousness, that it had been her desire to demean herself as became a disciple of the Redeemer; yet still, she could not exculpate herself from the charge, which had a foundation only in her tendersolicitude, of having ‘spoken unadvisedly with her lips.’

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than before. She descended to the vale, but there the air was insupportable. She sat down to table with the family ; but it was in vain that she attempted to eat. Her heart was full, and her food remained untouched. Thus agitated, she had retired to her room ; and there, bowing in humility, was laying open the distresses of her mind. At the mercy-seat, she met with a Friend whom she could trust, and who was ever ready to listen to her complaints. To him she could reveal every feeling in her breast, with all its delicate sensibilities, and without a blush. Her Bible was lying before her ; and a tear, where resignation was mingled with the anguish that called it forth, had just fallen upon the page, when she was startled by a knock at the door. She rose hastily—it was her favourite attendant, similar in piety, and not less interested perhaps in the welfare of her mistress, who had educated her with parental tenderness, than was that little maid of old who directed the Syrian leper to the prophet.* A smile of compassion and

* 2 Kings, v. 3.

proceed on the journey, and be laid up where she would not have an eye to pity her, far away as she might be, away from her friends and kindred. It would be better," we said, "to return to her home, and there to 'wait the Lord's leisure' with patience, and intercession on the behalf of her son. His will would eventually be the best, and she would yet be permitted to acknowledge it fulfilled in mercy." In this opinion she ultimately coincided; and after remaining with us for a few days to recruit her exhausted strength, she retraced her steps, comforted, we trust, in the assurance, that 'the Judge of all the earth will do right.'"—Such is my story; and if you do not consider it worthy of being related, I shall feel somewhat disappointed, believe me. I must now reply to some other passages of your kind letter.

And here, Alphonzo, in what language shall I address you? almost I could chide you. Dear Alphonzo, why are you so sad? And, 'why is your soul so disquieted within you?' It is a duty you are performing, and why not go through it with cheerfulness? You know well, if Emily could suffer in

your stead, how gladly she would do it. But this is forbidden. Yet do not allow yourself to despond. Rather, in humble acquiescence in the Divine dispensations, let us anticipate good than evil ; for we are certain that all will finally be for our welfare, though at present ‘ the pillar of cloud ’ may obstruct our view. ‘ The children of Zion should ’ look up with confidence, and, ‘ be joyful in their King.’ ‘ In that day,’ says the triumphant prophet, as if already in possession of the joys he anticipated ; ‘ in that day shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of his people.’ Again, is it not written : ‘ although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls : yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation ?’ ‘ He hath not spoken in secret, in dark places of the earth : I said not unto the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in



vain!" His eye is over them, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against their peace. Remember that inimitable passage of Luther's hymn:

"Act but the infant's gentle part,
Give up to love thy willing heart:
No fondest parent's melting breast
Yearns, like thy God's, to make thee blest.
Taught its dear mother soon to know,
The tenderest babe his love can shew.
Bid thy base servile fear retire—
This task no labour will require."*

Repeat these lines, dear Alphonzo, frequently to yourself, and supplicate the aid of the Holy Spirit to apply them to your heart. Through them, behold the wonderful love of that Redeemer, 'who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich.' Meditate on his gracious condescension. Think of his kind invitation: 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,

* We have adopted Mr. Browne's translation of this beautiful hymn, which we cannot too strongly recommend to the perusal of our readers.

and I will give you rest.' He does not, indeed, promise that every thing shall glide smoothly with us in our journey through life ; but he encourages us notwithstanding : ' Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.'

Emily does not deny that she will rejoice when the season approaches, which will restore you to her retreats ; but, in the mean time, she would wish you not to mourn too deeply over what is irremediable. To prove to you, however, that I have not been altogether unmindful of you, I send you a few lines, in which I have attempted to clothe the feelings of a pensive hour in the garb of poetry. I need not crave your compassion towards them—you know too well, that all Emily does, requires forgiveness and pity.

LE SOUVENIR.

On the night we parted last,
Did the rain fall cold and fast ?
Did the wind of winter blow
O'er the valley fleeced with snow ?

Or, on Balmè's haughty crest
Did the storm's rude legions rest?
No:—the skies of gentlest hue
Wore a soft ethereal blue;
And arrayed with silvery light,
Gladdening far the reign of night,
Mounting to her peaceful noon,
Walked through heaven the waning moon;
Nor, o'er all her liquid way,
Did the highest cloudlet stray.

Distant as the eye could reach,
From the wave that swept the beach,
To yon mountain's towering head,
Where the heath-cock makes his bed:
Where the mew retires to rest:
Where the eagle tends her nest—
All was peace—nor sound was heard,
Save the prayer for thee preferred:

“Thou art going far, and where
Many a Syren weaves the snare:
Where Religion's heavenly voice
Bids no mourner's heart rejoice:
Take, O take, then, o'er thy head
Faith's protecting buckler spread;
And may He thy path attend,
He, declared the stranger's friend,
And thy bark good angels guide
Safe through danger's adverse tide.

Shun, O shun, the charmer's wile—
Ruin lurks beneath her smile:
Keep thy heart when near her seat:
Steel thy bosom: bind thy feet:

—O, may all a Saviour's power
Arm thee in that trying hour !

And if heaven ordain it so,
And we meet no more below,
When, adown thine evening-sky,
Death is seen to hover nigh:
When, as shrill the summons rings,
Darkness o'er thee waves her wings:
May the voice of love proclaim
Pardon in Emmanuel's name,
While thy thoughts—thy wishes, soar
Where, once met, we part no more !”

I must now conclude this voluminous
epistle, lest I exhaust your patience. You
know I often try it ; but let me experience
you still as easy to be pacified as hitherto.
The united regards of the glen accompany
this, with the tender remembrances of your
unworthy

EMILY DU B.

ALPHONZO TO EMILY.

Paris, Sept. 15th.

THE days roll heavily onward—different
indeed in their tenour from those which I

have spent with my ever-dear Emily. But these, I suppose, and is it not so, Emily?—are trials designed to prepare us for others still more severe. Yet, it may be the merciful intention of Him, ‘from whom cometh every good and every perfect gift,’ in sending me these little afflictions, to render my enjoyments doubly sweet hereafter, while they are contrasted with my present occupations and feelings. O Emily, it is hard to bear up under the ills of life! But, if my trifling grievances are so heavy, what must be the wretchedness of myriads? And O, let me not pass over unnoticed His sufferings, who, with a mind spotless, and wounded even by the distant appearance of impurity, endured so many taunts and reproaches, and so much contradiction, from those very beings whom he came to save! Should not the consideration of this, Emily, nerve me for rebukes and insults, while it teaches me patience under the provocations of deluded men? Yet, my beloved, my soul is deeply oppressed. Truly I can sympathize with the mourning psalmist, when

he exclaims: 'Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!' But, with him, I would lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help, in the hope to descry beyond this scene of trial the glories of an undisturbed, and unpolluted rest.

I waited on the minister of the war department yesterday, and was favourably received; but I have been too long the sport of profession, to set much value on the civilities of courtiers. They have hitherto thrown every impediment in my way, and risen in their demands on every renewed application. Often, often, have they made the tear of indignation spring to my eye. But I must bear with them, Emily, must I not? The generality have little of the politeness of the *ancien régime* about them. Things have changed their masters; and the masters wear another exterior, than that which graced the court and cabinet of the unfortunate Louis.

Would I were once more in my own dear native vale! There I had only to walk

heavenward with my Emily, comforted by her voice, and directed by her counsels, while I attended her from hill to hill, or visited with her some lowly shed, the dwelling of poverty, but the abode of peace. Our pleasures consist much in anticipation ; and I feel it a balm to my heart in this melancholy moment, to look forward to the hour when my mind will be tranquillized by some hymn from the lips of my Emily, or solaced by the endearments of her tender affection. Pray for me, Emily, O pray for me, that I may indeed be enabled to fix my hopes more unwaveringly on another, and a better, world ! Pray for me, O pray for me, Emily, that the finished work of my Redeemer may become increasingly precious to me ; and that my desires of seeing him in his glory may be quickened—of beholding him face to face, and rejoicing evermore in the unveiled effulgence of his grace and truth !

I enclose you a few lines, which I composed the other evening to calm my agitated spirits, after a very uncourteous reception

from Mr. C. the secretary for home affairs. He imbrued his hands in the blood of his king, and may well treat the son of a Swiss Baron with little ceremony.

O blest be the feeling, whose soothing can wile,
Though it were but a pang that around thee would stray ;
And blest the illusion, where sorrow the while
Emerges to hope, and illumines my way !

How dear to my heart is thy wild-wood retreat !
How tender the thought that would image thy form !
But ah ! 'tis a day-dream—as transient, as sweet ;
Like the moon-beam that bursts from the throne of the storm.

I'm away from thy haunts, a sad exile, and far
From thy hills and thy dales, and the blue of thy wave :
—'Tis the night of remembrance, uncheered by a star,
And lone as the flower o'er the sleep of the brave.

Then green grow the wild-wood, that round thee entwines
Its arms of seclusion, and whispers of me :
Still calm flow the life, that thy bosom ensharines,
Till I visit thy shades, my beloved, with thee !

And now, farewell, Emily. I need not assure you of the fondness with which I think of you. You know my heart, and have long since seen where its affections center. I do not transgress, do I, Emily ? in regarding you with so much tenderness.

It is said of Jacob's hallowed attachment to Rachael, that the seven years of his servitude seemed to him but a few days, for the love he bore her: yet the inspired narrator of the interesting anecdote does not imply the remotest censure. Embrace your father and mother for me, and remember me with fraternal solicitude to your sisters.

Ever your's—

ALPHONZO DE M.

P. S. I have just received a line from your eldest brother. He tells me he is ordered with his regiment to the coast. They informed me at the war office, that Adolphus was on the Austrian frontiers, alive and well when the last returns were made. His letters have miscarried probably. Adieu, Emily. I commit this to a private hand, as the posts are in many respects insecure. If you write by the courier, I always expect your answer with his return. May the God of our fathers protect you, and 'keep you in perfect peace.' This he *will* do,

Emily ; for 'your mind is stayed on him.' Would mine were equally so ! Do not be anxious about my health : I am not unwell, though occasionally depressed.

EMILY TO ALPHONZO.

At the Glen, Sept. 20.

WHILE we rejoiced in the arrival of your letter, and in the assurance it brought us, though too dubiously expressed, that you were well, we participated deeply in the melancholy spirit it breathed. I need not tell you, how sincerely *one* of the family sympathizes with you in all you feel. Continue, dear Alphonzo, to open your sorrows to her, for it affords her a mournful gratification to have that communion with your afflictions ; and you will thence, perhaps, derive some alleviation of your distress, as anguish, of whatever nature it may be, is relieved by laying it on the bosom of another, who is willing to share its load.

Be comforted, however, by the full persuasion, that these troubles are from a Father's hand : ' they come not of the dust, neither do they spring out of the ground.' When our path is strewed only with roses, we are too apt to be enamoured of our present condition. Whatever, therefore, has a tendency to awaken us from the pleasing delusion, should be considered as the effect of that love, from whence floweth every blessing we enjoy; and ought, doubtless, increasingly to endear our anticipated repose. The swell of the ocean, and the buffeting of the tempest, which the seaman encounters on his voyage, teach him to value the quietude of his desired haven, where neither wind nor wave will assail his bark.

But do not imagine, Alphonzo, that I thus speak, as if I could myself always so regard trials. Alas, no ! Your Emily is a poor weak girl, and ought rather to be sitting at the feet of her Divine Instructor, than offering counsel, where she so much stands in need of admonition herself. All your anxieties, however, she has long made her

own; and how much more the uneasiness you express relative to the issue of the present negotiation. To have you rudely torn away from me—(forgive for a moment the unrestrained emotion of a bleeding heart)—after a union so close and so tender, would, methinks, soon bring poor Emily to the grave.

Again, let me recommend to you the utmost exercise of prudence. Forbear resenting injuries: wisdom and religion alike demand it. Recollect the practice of the philosophers we once spoke of while walking together; and suppose yourself in the mean time a Pythagorean.* ‘Cease from anger, and forsake wrath,’ is a Divine injunction; and ever bear in mind, that ‘the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.’ If possible, do not even have the

* The custom here alluded to is mentioned by Plutarch. Speaking of the Pythagoreans, and referring to any occasional disagreement that had arisen among them, he says: „Τὰς διξίας ἰμβαλλοντες ἀλλήλοις, καὶ ἀσπαζόμενοι, πρὶν ἢ τὸν ἥλιον δύναι διελύοντο.” (They shook hands, and embraced each other, and forgot all their differences before the sun went down.) St. Paul would seem to have had this amiable practice in view, Eph. iv. 26: ‘Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.’

appearance of noticing an affront: it will thus be much easier to avoid recriminations, for pride often hurries us forward to resentment, as well as a desire of revenge. Remember, our poor Switzerland is no longer what she was—free and happy. It has pleased God, in chastisement for our iniquities, to place over us hard taskmasters, yet more cruel than those of Egypt. *They* only required brick—the labour of their captives: these drain off the best blood that warms the veins of our fathers and brethren. But, notwithstanding, submission is our duty, and we owe it by a high command to the powers that be; for ‘they are ordained of God.’ Meanwhile, Emily will plead in your behalf with that Sovereign Ruler of the universe, ‘who alone can still the unruly affections of sinful men.’

Papa says, the streets of Paris should never find you on them after sun-set. Many has been the dark deed committed there by unseen hands. The bridges in particular are dangerous after night-fall. Papa very nearly lost his life on one of them, and only owed his preservation, under God, to his strength

and agility. Avoid those hateful places, therefore, and be cautious, dear Alphonzo, if not for your own, for *another's* sake. The spirit that reigns in that unhappy country, a remnant of that blood-thirsty ferocity engendered by the Revolution, is now doubly hostile to personal security.

I was much obliged by your kind remembrance of me, and was tenderly sensible of it. It is my prayer, that I may in any degree be worthy of your confidence, or of the interest you manifest in me. You must pardon me, however, if I remind you that there is an affection, which attaches itself too much to the creature, and in so far dishonours the Creator. He is, and must be, through the atoning sacrifice of the Redeemer, and in Him, the supreme object of all our desires, hopes, and fears. Not, that I consider a virtuous affection forbidden by God. On the contrary, I should believe it designed to soften the asperities, to which a heart insulated from its kind must be liable, and to mitigate the sufferings incident to humanity. Yet, must it be in subserviency to a higher

devotedness—‘Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him, only shalt thou serve.’ The German hymn, you brought me from Stutgard, has an allusion, as you will recollect, to this subject; and, as it may act the part of a silent monitor to my Alphonzo, he will excuse me for transcribing the two concluding verses :

O no, my Father, no, no more
I'd think a thought of mine :
The weight of woe my Saviour bore
Has too long sealed me thine.

Thine, dear Redeemer, then, I'll be ;
And, if aught else I love,
Let it but bind me more to thee,
Its giver—thee, above !

Mamma desires me to thank you for the trouble you took about Adolphus. If I mistake not, Adolphus is her favourite boy. And, truly, he is an amiable youth, looking, I would sincerely hope, for that better country, where the followers of the Lamb will ere long be gathered from the four winds. How often in a summer evening has he given me his arm, saying, “Come, Emily; let us go to some quiet spot. I have a few ques-

tions to propose to you.” Then he would open his pocket testament, and ask my sentiments on such and such a passage. If my interpretation was consolatory, the tear would start in his eye ; and I have heard him ejaculate, as if unconsciously, on several of these occasions—“ O my God ! can such a wretch as I find mercy at thy hands ? ” Nor do I despair of my eldest brother, though less intimately acquainted with him. His letters frequently breathe a spirit of piety ; but there is too much of our national pride in his character. Let us not forget, however, that we are still in the body ; while we are so, we shall ever be compassed about with infirmity. My poor brothers ! I have many an anxious thought on their account.

I am glad you use the precaution of a private conveyance, when you have any thing particular to communicate. There is but too much reason to believe that our letters are opened.* When you write to me by

* A German, who, at the period of the author's acquaintance with him was a man of probity and piety, and would

post, therefore, speak in general terms, and with the utmost *nonchalance*. Enquire if the weather be fine ; and whether the lake is as blue as usual : whether the birds sing as sweetly as they were wont ; and whether the tree is thriving that you planted. Send a kiss to mamma, and a riddle to one of the girls—but reserve your sorrows, Alphonzo, for a faithful ear, unless you can commit the letter that conveys them, to some hand that would sooner ‘ forget its cunning ’ than betray you. If any thing untoward should happen to you, Alphonzo, what would become of poor Emily ?

I am deeply indebted to you for your tender and pathetic lines. They have awakened a mournful chord in my bosom, to which my fond thoughts but too anxiously reply. At some future period, perhaps, I may endeavour to give them a poetic dress.

doubtless have shrunk from such an iniquitous occupation, confessed to me, that he had been employed under Buonaparte to open letters. The *sealed* letters he said he could open almost without possibility of detection.

In the mean time, however, I transmit you the tale you requested. It was related to me by one of the brethren of the convent,* and is supposed to be told in the name of the fraternity. You must consider it merely as a fragment; and if it afford you but the amusement of a moment, Emily will not have lost her reward.

THE WANDERER OF THE ALPS:

A FRAGMENT.

Around that heart, in blythesome beat,
No pulses of remembrance meet:
And in that eye, anon, there glowed
A demon-fire, delirium's goad:
And o'er his look, awhile, there gleams,
As thou hast seen from frightful dreams,
The horror of the visage tell,
The sufferer deemed him woke from hell.

Upon a wreath of snow reclined,
And, reckless of his fate, resigned—
Resigned, as who beholds but gloom—
Nor hope, nor fear—beyond the tomb;
As beat him rude the cold night-gale,
Drifting the flakes from mount and vale,
His strength in a collected shriek,
Whose wildness spoke the life-pulse weak,

The convent of the Great St. Bernard; in the album of which, as the author believes, the narrative still exists, whence the subject of the poem is derived.

He had spent :—then all exhausted fell,
Where th' winds had made his bed so well ;
While a dread vacancy reclined
On the dark evening of his mind,
Amidst a chaos that possest.
The chambers of his soul's unrest.

Yet, though to him in horror clad,
That hour was fraught with tidings glad,
And Mercy smiled in it, to see
Another of her ransomed free.

Long had he wandered through that shade,
Where visions float with bliss arrayed—
Flowers of life's morning that distil
Somnific dews—enchant and kill :
But where ne'er found a recreant child
A heavenly Father reconciled.
But hush !—the hour's arrived. Anon,
Forth from the throne the mandate's gone !
—Swifter than bears an angel's wing
To the redeemed ministering,
Hailed by hosannas, through the skies
The everlasting purpose flies.
His spirit wavers :—ere it fled,
The message to his bosom sped :
He heard the tidings 'twould impart—
They came with power and reached his heart.

Sad was his tale—and o'er his soul
Thou 'dst seen the billows wildly roll ;
And thou hadst thought the mighty God
Had touched his spirit with the rod.

“ 'Twas autumn ; and the purpled west
Had felt the last ray warm her breast,

And bright and fair the setting sun
Had smiled upon his warfare done,
When Gertrude, from the evening bower
Of duty's meditative hour,
Came forth to meet me:—no alarm
Disturbed her heart—no thought of harm.
Calm all, and tranquil! hushed around,
Above, below, slept every sound,
Save where some insect hummed its song,
Or murmuring streamlet passed along.

“As led our path a cypress shade,
Slowly we traced the upland glade,
And sweet, and mild, the moon-beam's play
Seemed to allure our onward way.
But soon we marked—and swift indeed
This widowed heart was trained to bleed!—
A thousand warring clouds from far
Enfold the planet's westering car.
The winds arose, and through the air
Wild gleamed the lightning's livid glare:
The thunders deepened; and the rain
Deluged the lately-smiling plain.
'Twas then my gaze beheld the forms
Of Sorrow, riding on the storm;
And chill, anon, with searching swell,
The blast on Gertrude's bosom fell.
—How looked on me her tearful eye!
How heaved her heart so quick and high!
Yet pang was ne'er less wild, or deep,
Than laid her loveliness to sleep.

“She comes—the tomb resigns its dead:—
I rave, I rave, the vision's fled!

Yet her remembrance shall attest
The tempest rising in my breast,
Till rending recollections cease,
And dark oblivion whispers peace.
—Peace! no:—a heart, as warm as mine,
Can it beneath a calm recline?
Can love, as once I knew it bless,
Slumber in cold forgetfulness?
Grief may be silent;—but my truth,
Can it dissolve as did her youth?
Die, as the rose on that dear cheek—
A timid thing, a blast might break:
A fragile flow'et, that a breath
Might crumble to the dust of death?

“And I have listened, and have heard
Her midnight prayer to heaven preferred:
Seen her in such a smile arrayed,
As told her peace with God was made.
And she has soothed me, while she sung
Of One from Judah's monarch sprung,
Who died, she sweetly said, for me,
What time he bled on Calvary,
And Death disarmed, and from the Grave
The laurel tore that victors wave.

“How could a thought that answered thine,
Dear Gertrude, leave these lips of mine?
Or could that prayer be owned above,
Nor breathed by faith, nor hope, nor love?

“Oh! I remember well that shriek—
It flushed thy pale and livid cheek,
While blanched, as lies on Mola's crest
The wintry wreath, was that fond breast!

—'Twas then she snatched from me her child,
And looked on it, and laughed so wild—
While, unalarmed, the baby smiled !
She fixed on me her gaze :—the last,
In it on high her spirit passed.
—Horror that instant froze my frame :
The sense of suffering went and came :
And floods of torment swept my mind,
All wasted by the desert wind ;
And Reason then resumed her reign,
And searched each nerve, and thrilled each vein :—
O, would it never had returned :
That this cold bosom still had burned :
That horror had o'erhung my brow ;
And frenzy racked my brain till now,
While, 'mid these Alpine wilds, I sought
A shelter from pursuing thought !"

"Hush, hush," we said : "Dost thou not know,
Who rules on high is Lord below ?
Dost thou not feel, the sons of men
Are guided by no mortal ken.
—To cleanse the heart, the hopes sublime ;
To wean the soul from sense and time ;
To train her to her warfare high ;
To fit her heavenly panoply ;
To point her to her rest above ;
To warm her with atoning love—
On errands such as these, is sent
The angel of his chastisement.

"Jesus," we whispered : "in his smile
The desert joys, and blooms the while :
Emmanuel speaks, and Sharon's rose
On the repentant bosom blows.

Glory to Him ! In grace unknown,
Unasked he left the Father's throne ;
Singly for us the wine-press trod :
Endured alone the wrath of God.
Glory to Thee ! By every tongue
Of every tribe, thy praise be sung :
Where'er there lives, let every knee
In adoration bow to Thee !"

Soothed by the sound, as if some balm
Had reached his heart, his brow grew calm :
Around his couch we kneeled in prayer,
And faith illumed the darkness there.
He fetched a sigh :—it seemed as then
Remembrance would revive again ;
And as he looked around, a tear,
You'd thought, would ask " Is Gertrude here ?"
—Yet Death, we deemed, had lost his sting,
And bowed the Grave to Salem's King ;
And angels then had joy in heaven
Over a sinner's sins forgiven !

And, now, let me commit you to the keeping of Him, ' who neither slumbers nor sleeps.' My sweetest hours are spent in supplication for you ; and were it not, that no other thought should intermingle with our desire of heaven, but that which centers in the wish to be with God in Christ, methinks heaven itself seems dearer to me, when I hope to share its felicity with Al-

phonzo. The redemption too, that is in Jesus, appears to be enhanced in value, when I believe it offered for the ransom of one who lies so near my heart. O Alphonzo, in the midst of all your engagements, often steal a moment for the throne of grace. If you prize your never-dying soul, neglect not a throne of grace. Do you remember that sublime idea of your favourite, Pascal, where he makes the human being enter the lists against the universe, and gives the palm to the immortality of man? "Man," says he, "is but a reed, the feeblest in nature; but he carries a thinking principle within. It needs not the universe in league to overwhelm him—a vapour, a drop of water, suffices for his destruction. But, though he were sinking under the combined efforts of the universe, man would still have a dignity superior to his vanquisher. The universe, even while it prevailed against him, would be insensible of its advantage:—man maintains his consciousness in death."*

* *L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, le plus foible de la nature ; mais c'est un roseau pensant. Il ne faut pas que l'univers*

If, therefore, dear Alphonzo, you value that immortal principle within you, in which consists all your dignity—if you wish the peace of one who would willingly resign her life, if in doing so she could rescue your's, neglect not the throne of grace. There you will meet a friend, who will sympathize with you still more affectionately than Emily, happy as she is to participate in all you feel. You have your Bible with you. Even should any accident have deprived you of your pocket edition, you will find another which an unseen, but not unkind, hand introduced into your portmanteau, when we were sorrowfully assisting you in getting ready for your departure, the night before you left us. O meditate over its sacred pages. A day *will* come, Alphonzo, when you will rejoice in every hour you have

entier s'arme pour l'écraser. Une vapeur, une goutte d'eau suffit pour le tuer. Mais, quand l'univers l'écraserait, l'homme seroit encore plus noble que ce qui le tue, parcequ'il sait qu'il meurt; et l'avantage que l'univers a sur lui, l'univers n'en sait rien.—*Pensées de Pascal; première partie, Art. 4. sect. 6.*

spent in listening to its voice. When you are laid on a dying bed—O may that moment be distant ! and ere long to be folded in the searments of the tomb—when eternity, with all its awful consequences, is opening on your view:—then, it will not repent you to have been a frequent visitant at its hallowed shrine. Meanwhile, it will refresh, and invigorate, your drooping spirit: its healing influence will diffuse itself through your bosom, like springs of water over the thirsty ground. There is a ‘river, whose streams make glad the city of God.’ Drink of them, Alphonzo, and you will not fear even should calamities overflow you. Such is the earnest, and anxious, entreaty of your

EMILY DU B.

P. S. Forgive the length of my letters. When I am writing, I fancy myself talking with you, and I know not when to stop—for, then, the pleasing illusion vanishes. Farewell.

ALPHONZO TO EMILY.

Hôtel de V. May 2nd.

My dearest Emily :

At length I hope the term of my captivity is drawing near. O how tedious its hours have been! But, as I have only a little longer to suffer, I shall endure the remaining period of it with greater equanimity. I hasten to communicate these tidings to you, assured that they will gratify you. And will they not, my Emily? If they do not, I may still sojourn in a strange land, for it will not be a return to my native hills that will then calm this agitated heart. It is Emily's affection that gilds my future prospects, and sweetens the anticipation of years to come. Enjoyed with thee, Emily, how delightful will be my walks among those shades, which beheld our juvenile, may I say innocent—loves? though we were as yet unconscious of the attraction, which blended the tender scions of our hopes and fears. A latent charm seems to dwell upon the reminiscence of the past. There is

something in those things, with which we have been conversant in early life which twines itself round our affections involuntarily, but with a mournfully-pleasing power. The memory of days and years, when we were as yet unacquainted with the trials and anxieties of maturer age, resembles in some degree the light reality of a world, where care and sorrow had not entered ; and though the season has irrevocably fled when our bosoms beat buoyantly amidst the pleasures of infancy, the soul will oftentimes wander back in fond recollection to the emotions they inspired. But, may we not promise ourselves, my beloved, in dependence on the Divine beneficence, enjoyments less visionary than those ? The feelings of childhood are, at best, illusory. It is reflection alone that can constitute us happy ; consequently the happiness of infancy is merely as a morning-dream, shadowy, though lovely.

Yet,

To the glen, and the hill, and the rock, and the wild-wood,
Still in visions of infancy memory clings ;
Then calm be your moments, ye thoughts of my childhood,
That softly enshroud my life in your wings !

I hope to reach Dôle by the 25th. If so, you may expect me, I should think, on the day following. Do not be disappointed, however, if I do not arrive, as I shall not be able to fix a precise period for my departure. But, the moment the papers receive the secretary's signature, that moment, with the Divine permission, I shall be on my way to Emily. Pray for me, Emily, that, in the anticipation of earthly felicity, I may not be unmindful of that country, where are pleasures for evermore. Meantime, anxiously looking for another letter from you, I am your tenderly attached

ALPHONZO DE M.

EMILY TO ALPHONZO.

At the Glen.

I SHALL not say how fondly my bosom replied to your intelligence, lest I should exaggerate, or appear to act inconsistently with the feelings of the poor heartless girl you have found me. Yet, be assured, Al-

phonzo, that many here will rejoice to see you, though the timidity of your Emily may throw a damp on the expression of *her* congratulations. Believe me, the interval since we met has been a painful one. Many an apprehensive thought would turn towards you ; and I will not repeat to you how often I approached the mercy-seat, as a suppliant in your behalf. Enough for me, that my prayers have gone up as a memorial, and brought down an answer of peace. Enough for me to see Alphonzo once more in health on this side the grave. Even that would be a consolation sweet indeed—I dare not add what hope would whisper of some tender relationship besides.

I cannot help acknowledging a secret pleasure, that your recollections return so fondly to our sweet retreats. They have long seemed to lament your absence, and scarce have greeted me with a smile since you left them ; unless it was, when I was pruning some tree that you planted, or succouring some drooping flower that you were wont to admire. I visit them, when ‘ the out-

goings of the morning and evening are rejoicing' around me, but I am unable as formerly to participate in their joy. The mountains and the hills used to break forth before me into singing. Instead of the thorn, I beheld the fig-tree, and instead of the brier, came up the myrtle-tree ; but alas ! all has long been desolate and sad. The hill and the dale have lost their cheerfulness, and the woods appear to my eye only a tangled brake. My flowers are growing, but they have no longer their accustomed loveliness. I tend them solitarily, like Eve in Eden, when too confident in her own strength she refused to hearken to the dissuasive voice of her consort :

" From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh."

Perhaps, too, Emily would not be less secure, had she an arm to lean on. But the Christian has always aid at hand, and that, mightier than an arm of flesh.

I promised, I believe, to reply, if occasion offered, to your tender remembrances ; and I now send you the tribute of my poor neglected muse. You will compassionate,

I know you will, her little labours to please you. Yet, do not spare them, much less commend them, lest Emily should be vain.

The linnet still warbles ; still green the wood grows ;
The cascade still murmurs ; still blushes the rose ;
The winds on the hill are still quiet ; the wave
Still as blue, and as calm, o'er the mariner's grave.

The Morning still greets me with many a smile,
As if 'twould invite to be happy the while ;
Still, Evening as ever glows sweetly serene—
But ah ! their attractions have fled from the scene.

The note of the linnet sounds harsher ; less bright
Grows the green of the wild-wood retreat to my sight ;
The cascade falls hoarser ; less kind to my care
The flowers that I tended, and once thought so fair.

The breeze seems the spirit that howls through the storm ;
The soft-rolling wave wears a wild-welling form :
The crimson of Morning but saddens the sky ;
And Evening is lovely no more to my eye.

Long past from the season 's the smile of its bloom ;
And mountain and valley are seated in gloom :—
Ah ! why then this change canst thou tell me ?—I ween,
The voice of the charmer is mute o'er the scene !

Instead of this mournful reminiscence, I
had almost determined on sending you the

melancholy, but elegant and affecting, lines of poor Tasso, 'Tu che ne vai in Pindo,'* &c. but perhaps you will still permit me to adopt his idea, and apply it to myself. Possibly, you will scold your Emily: she will trust, however, to your generosity.

O thou, who leav'st these sweet retreats,
To visit pleasure's crowded seats,
Tell my Alphonzo—(he resides
Where Seine rolls down her silvery tides)—
My once-loved harp, untouched, unstrung,
Beside me 's on the willow hung,
And I have ceased to sing—'tis vain,
For he 's not here to list the strain!

The lamentation of the unhappy Thirza, in the tender tale of Gessner, has often occurred to me. May I never be called on to sympathize too deeply with her afflictions! You recollect the passage: "Every object, that once delighted me, will only aggravate my grief. Your green twilight, ye verdant bowers, will seem to ask me: 'where is he who, with such gentle affection, embraced thee beneath our shades?'" The streams, as

* See note s.

they wander by, will murmur to me : ‘ where, forlorn Thirza, is thy beloved ? ’ ”

But I must be no more sad ; and if I have hitherto endeavoured to conceal from you my sorrows, you will know how to pardon me, for your heart will whisper that I did so, not to add to what you were already suffering.

Your allusion to the days of infancy awakened in my breast some painful, though perhaps not unpleasing, emotions. I fully coincide with you in the sentiment, that the happiness of childhood is illusory. If we were happy, and say Alphonzo, if we were not ! while rambling in days now long gone by, arm in arm, or hand in hand, chaunting some Alpine carol ; it was only as the lark that sang to us over head. She was light-hearted, and so were we. She knew no care, nor were we as yet initiated in the mysteries of the trouble which was our birth-right. She had no dreams of futurity, neither had we. She looked not beyond the sunshine of her morning, nor did we think

of the thousand ills that would beset our onward path :

“ We rolled with pleasure on her rattling car,
And danced with childhood to her fairy star,
While eastward yet we saw no clouds arise,
Nor cast a glance upon our evening skies.”

Ah, Alphonzo ! in those gilded moments, there was no reflection ; and reflection alone, as you well observe, can constitute us happy. What will not bear the ordeal of reflection—the deepest reflection—even that which places us at the Divine tribunal, and summons us to that awful account which we must render of every thought, and word, and action, to Him, from whom no secret is hid, will form but a sandy foundation indeed for happiness ! Mirth there may be without it ; but if we may believe the voice of Inspiration, there is such a thing as ‘ the laughter of fools.’ I trust we may truly anticipate more solid delights. Our minds are now matured to contemplate our real situation. We know what we are. He, whose ‘ going forth is prepared as the morn-

ing,' hath visited us from on high. He has taught us, and has he not Alphonzo? that there is a joy beyond these perishable, unsubstantial, scenes—a joy, of which we even now partake, while we are wafted heavenward in spirit, and penetrate into worlds to come on the wings of faith, and hope, and love. Then, though we had heard of a Saviour's compassion, we had not 'tasted that he was gracious.' We had been told that he was fond of little children; but we had not seen ourselves 'gathered with his arms, or carried in his bosom.' They had taught us to pray to him; and we had listened with glistening eyes to the stories of his tenderness; but we had had no experience of his affection, as manifested to ourselves; nor had we as yet been sealed as his. His Spirit had not borne witness with our spirits that we were the children of God, and heirs of a kingdom, whose glory should never fade.—And how, then, could we be happy? we knew not that all was well for eternity, and how could we rejoice? No, Alphonzo; we were not happy—we were only without thought.

Our pleasures were merely the light visions of a mind, that rested under the shade of the passing hour, and desired not to go beyond.

Yet, do not accuse me of even insinuating any disapprobation of the sentiment expressed in your beautiful stanza. Though we may allow a little latitude to the poet in point of imagery, while the great essentials of grace and truth are held steadily in view, I would not affirm, that for your affecting lines we must crave even that. The Christian will look back upon his childhood, and the momentary sigh may escape him for enjoyments fled, never to return. But he will not permit himself to tarry amidst vain regrets. He may pause there for an instant, and let his soul disquiet itself within him; but it will only be to resume his travel with renewed alacrity, as having seen another proof that he *must* repose, if he repose at all, in things to come; and he meditate on the past, only to remember that it is irrecoverably gone. Thence, his thoughts are led to futurity; and there they are riveted by the recollection, that as death leaves him, judgment must find him. He then arises,

and goes quicker on his way. It leads to heaven ; and he finally attains the happy country. The troubles and sorrows he had met with on his journey are done away, and forgotten for ever ; or, if retraced, it is only to awaken new emotions of gratitude to the hand that guided, and to the right hand that upheld him. Thus, through the merits of his adorable Intercessor, he reaches the ‘ rest that remaineth for the people of God,’ and enters on the possession of a felicity which ‘ eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.’ Farewell. May such be the blissful experience of Alphonzo, and his

EMILY DU B.

P. S. Papa desires me to tell you with his love, that he will have a relay of horses for you at Vevay, as the post there is but indifferently supplied. Emily will charge herself with having them there in time. Need I add, that they shall not be those of our stud which will bring you with least speed ? ‘ The righteous is merciful to his beast ;’ but on such an occasion I think you may urge them, though not distress them. This is no casuistry, is it, Alphonzo ? If it be, rather

wait a week longer than think of my anxiety. Mamma and the girls are already busying themselves getting your apartment ready. They say we must have the Baron over, as they cannot let you leave us for a month at least. Farewell. May 'the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort' hide you 'under the shadow of his wings!' Once again, farewell.

The negotiation was at length finally concluded, and Alphonzo was on the eve of setting out on his return. At the glen and the castle all were in motion. Preparations were made, and many a bonfire ready to be kindled by the happy tenantry of de Mertenburg, who would not be dissuaded from thus testifying their joy at the approach of their amiable young lord. The morning was fine, and the inmates of the glen had gone to the summit of the hill, to catch the first distant glimpse of the carriage freighted with so many tender wishes, when Mr. du Blesne, whose telescope had long been directed to-

wards Vevay, announced a courier approaching at full speed. Many a heart beat high at the intelligence, and many a fervent ejaculation rose, that he might be the bearer of auspicious tidings. They watched him—he had left Chillon far behind. Still they gaze—he has attained the rising ground, that fronts you from the embouchure of the Rhone. Still they trace his progress, which had it been swift as the lightning, would have been outstripped by their anxiety. Now he winds round the angle to the right—here he passes through the wood of pines, and they lose him for a moment. Again he appears, and now they hasten to receive the letter he already extends in the distance. It was from Alphonzo—without address, as if in his haste he had forgotten to direct it. It was, however, committed to the agitated hand of Emily. She opened it, and read :

Dearest Emily : Afflictions abide me. At the instant I was stepping into my carriage to revisit my dear native hills, I received a packet from the Marquis of A., from the banks of the Rhine, informing me that my aunt, his

wife, and my mother's only sister, was at the point of death, and extremely desirous of seeing me. I tremble for the event. He speaks obscurely ; but I am afraid, from the tenor of his letter, that she is in great distress of mind. Pray for her, for me, for us all, dear Emily. We require the support of many intercessions. When I shall return to you is known only to Him, from whom nothing is hid. Adieu, my Emily.

Ever your's—A. de M.

The next letter that arrived was dated at the chateau d'A., and was as follows :

I am come to a house of mourning—of darkness, and the shadow of death indeed ! I found my poor aunt fast approaching the term of her mortal existence, and awfully sensible that she was about to render her account. Her disease is violent, and augmented by the agony of her mind. Her shrieks, at times, are dreadful. I flew to her bed-side the moment I arrived—and all she could utter, was, “ Too late ! Too late !

Too late!" and burst into tears. After a while she became more composed, and I took the Bible, with the permission of my uncle, and read some promises to the returning sinner. But it was in vain. She rejected the offers of pardon as not made to her, and again shrieked, and trembled, and wept, by turns.

O Emily! such a sight as I have been called to witness—and that, too, of one so near and dear to me—the only maternal relative that now remains to me. Yet, may the Divine Spirit seal these things upon my heart. Ah, how the world deceive themselves! They trust in a chimera—a delusion of iniquity and death. While they are consoling themselves with the hope that all is well, the gulph of perdition is yawning beneath their feet. 'They think God,' in the language of the prophet, 'such an one as themselves. The Lord,' they say, 'will neither do good nor will he do evil.' But yet a season, and their terror shall come as a whirlwind. If any could repose on an externally blameless life, one would imagine

my unhappy aunt might derive comfort from the retrospect of her's. A character she was; the admiration of all who were acquainted with her, lovely and amiable. Her path seemed to an outward view, to be pleasantness and peace. Many was the eye that blessed her approach, and many a heart had she made, as far at least as charitable munificence could effect it, to sing for joy. But, alas ! her confidence was in these things. She trusted, as she told me but a moment ago, to her own righteousness, and did not loathe herself in her own sight —“and now,” she added, with a look of indescribable anguish, “I am left to perish in my own deceivings. I was a ‘friend of the world,’ and now I am found ‘the enemy of God.’”

I cannot say more at present. This house is indeed a melancholy abode. Not a ray of hope seems to penetrate the thick darkness in which it is enveloped. The mirth and gladness, with which it has so often resounded, are hushed and silent, as if for ever passed away. Now, at least, are they proved

unequal to the task of ministering consolation. But it is thus, that millions delude themselves, and, if I may be pardoned the expression, go with songs and dances to everlasting ruin. Farewell. Pray for us, Emily; pray, pray!

Your unhappy Alphonzo.

P. S. I shall write again as soon as any thing material occurs.

ALPHONZO TO EMILY.

Chateau d'A. Banks of the Rhine.

The last scene is over—and such a scene! O Emily, Emily, such a frightful scene! During the whole of yesterday it was evident that the final crisis was approaching; and as the body wasted, the spirit seemed to gain fresh vigour to pour itself forth in cries of anguish and despair. In a frame so emaciated, it was dreadfully dismaying to hear her shrieks. O, my pen, and my heart,

alike refuse to proceed with the fearful detail. Such a house as this is, at this moment! Every one more terrified than another, as if they were themselves ready to be swallowed up in similar torments. O Emily, Emily, what a scene I have witnessed! My poor, poor, aunt! My eyes are overflowing, and my soul is sinking within me. How shall I begin, or where shall I conclude the overwhelming narrative? O, may others take warning; and, ere 'judgment is laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet,' ere the rivers of Divine vengeance come, that shall 'sweep away every refuge of lies'—O may they examine themselves, and see, and know, whether they are indeed building on 'the Rock of Ages,' or on the broken reed of human virtue!

About one o'clock on the morning preceding that on which she died, I was hastily summoned to her apartment. The servant, who brought the message, was so frightened that she could scarcely articulate—"O come, Sir, come Sir!" In a moment I was in her chamber, for I had lain down in my clothes,

anticipating some such event. My aunt was then delirious. Her eyes were rolling in her head ; and her cheeks were flushed to scarlet. Her mouth was parched, yet foaming ; and her lips were of a dead livid colour. O Emily, it was a terrific sight ! Indeed, indeed, I can scarcely continue the horrible detail. At first, she did not recognize me ; but, the fever abating for a little, she cried out : “ Is that Alphonzo ?—My nephew, my dear nephew, who would have prepared me for a dying bed ? ” Then again she relapsed into her former state, and shrieked about ‘ eternity ’—and ‘ the pains of hell ’—and ‘ everlasting burnings ’—and ‘ the worm that never dies ’—and ‘ the fire that never shall be quenched.’ O Emily, it was dreadful to listen to her. Poor, unhappy woman ! With what vivid emotion was that awfully sublime description of the prophet brought to my recollection, at that moment ! ‘ The great day of the Lord is near ; it is near, and hasteth greatly ; the voice of the day of the Lord : the mighty man shall cry there bitterly. That day is a

day of wrath ; a day of trouble and distress ; a day of wasteness and desolation ; a day of darkness and gloominess ; a day of clouds and thick darkness ; a day of the trumpet and alarm !'

Thus she continued with occasional intermissions until noon of yesterday, when her minister, the Lutheran pastor attached to the marquisate, came to visit her, to exorcise if possible the evil spirit. But alas ! his attempt had a contrary effect, and only seemed anew to revive the sensations of horror which agitated her. He would have 'healed her hurt slightly, and cried peace, peace, when there was no peace,' as he had often done, when health and affluence rendered sweet the voice of delusion. But, the season was past with her for ever, when she could shut her eyes on the holy law which she had violated, or rest under the shadow of her own virtues ! He told her how affectionate a wife she had been, and how tender a parent : how exemplarily she had fulfilled all the relative duties, and how regular she had been in attendance on the

ordinances of religion. Her charities were then adduced, and her alms-deeds displayed before her—the poor she had made rich, and the lives she had rescued by timely assistance. But, all was vain. The charm was dissolved; and however soothing such eulogies might once have been, her awakened conscience could endure the sound no more! That atoning sacrifice, which can alone heal the wounds that sin has made, or calm the agonizing spirit, was never once alluded to, except in a manner which testified but too strongly the little estimation in which he held it, even while he called himself a minister of Christ. Surely, surely, such men have reason to apprehend the severity of the Divine denunciation—‘His blood will I require at the watchman’s band!’

As soon as he had ceased, or rather indeed interrupting him, she said, “Peace! speakest thou to me of peace?—thou who hast deceived me to my eternal ruin. Begone from my sight! Leave me, and come not to torment me before my time! You



it was, who taught me that all would be well in a dying hour, if I was guilty of no gross dereliction of obedience. When did thy unhallowed lips warn me to flee from the wrath to come? When didst thou inform me that ‘all my righteousnesses were as filthy rags?’ When did I hear from thee, that I must be born again? When didst thou utter that name, at which now I tremble, or point it out to me as a refuge? Begone, wretch, begone!” “Oh!” she continued, bursting into tears, “I am undone, everlastingly undone!”—and with this dismaying exclamation, and with a shriek of unutterable horror, she expired.—I can say no more. O Emily, Emily, such a dreadful scene! O pray, pray, that the awful recollection may never leave me, until I am beyond the reach of such a termination to my earthly existence.

A. DE M.

EMILY TO ALPHONZO.

At the Glen:

BELIEVE me, dear Alphonzo, my heart is continually ascending in prayer for you. Most deeply, indeed, have we all been affected by your late melancholy narratives ; and many and bitter were the tears they drew from our eyes. Awful, awful, warnings ! Hear O heavens, and give ear O earth ! for the Lord will assuredly bring every secret thing into judgment. What will then avail the fragile reed of righteousness such as our's—polluted and impure ? done from unworthy motives, and far—yea, infinitely below the standard of the Divine holiness and truth. ‘ This do, and thou shalt live,’ is the tenour of the covenant of works ; but who ever yet came up to its extensive requirements ? And even were we not condemned by every part and portion of it, as doubtless in the sight of that eye we are, which is ‘ too pure to behold iniquity ;’ still ‘ whoso offendeth in one point is guilty of all :’ so that the accumulated sanctions

of the entire law we have infringed—infringed times without number, in thought, word, and deed—must fall on the unpardoned sinner's head, and, in the fearfully energetic language of our Lord, 'will grind him to powder.' Whither then shall the poor criminal turn? whither shall he flee? where shall he hide himself from the wrath to come?—how escape the blackness of darkness for ever? Is there no means of deliverance—no outlet by which he may elude the search of Omniscience? Yes, one there is, and one alone! A city of refuge—of sure habitation—whence the Divine anger is turned aside, and removed for evermore! See it—lo! on Calvary—the Redeemer dies!

"Rest, O my spirit, by this martyr'd form:
This wreck, that sunk beneath th' Almighty storm;
When floods of wrath, that weigh'd the world to hell,
On Him alone in righteous vengeance fell!"

Most anxiously have we prayed, Alphonzo, that the solemn event you have witnessed may be blest to you and to ourselves, and that the recollection of it may tend, under a higher direction, to keep us

all more steadily in the paths of peace. Gloomy, indeed, after a dispensation so awful, bringing to view as it were the fearful realities of the denunciation, 'Depart ye cursed,' would be our journey to the grave, were not its dreary mansions illumined by the Star of Jacob ! Every hour, every moment, is only hurrying us from all below, and how then can a sentient being give himself to repose, until he has found that pearl of inestimable price, for which he willingly parts with all he has besides ? Strange, marvellously strange, does it seem indeed ! But 'the God of this world blinds the heart,' and withholds it from surrendering itself to the law of faith, and the holy obedience of a Saviour's love : yea, and *will* withhold it, until the voice of the Redeemer is heard in its retreats, and the Spirit moves upon the face of the dark waters, which have laid desolate that habitation, which should be the temple of the living God.

May you be supported under these trials by an Almighty arm ! There is none other that can sustain you—for 'vain is the help

of man.' 'His breath is in his nostrils;' and it needs only a touch from His rod, who hath said, 'Vengeance is mine,' to overwhelm him with anguish, and crush him to pieces. Raise your eye, therefore, dearest Alphonzo, to Him, and stay yourself upon your God. 'He is a refuge in time of trouble,' and he never yet failed any, who 'put their trust under the shadow of his wings.' Flee thither, and hide yourself until these calamities be overpast. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and he hath promised to be a little sanctuary to his people. 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,' is his gracious language; and 'God is not a man, that he should lie, neither the son of man, that he should repent.' 'Surely there is no enchantment,' that shall prevail 'against Jacob; neither is there any divination,' that shall endanger the tents of Israel. Whatever, therefore, he may call you to endure, be of good comfort, for 'as thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' I remain your affectionate and sympathizing

EMILY.

ALPHONZO TO EMILY.

Chateau d'A: Banks of the Rhine.

MY dearest Emily : The last sad solemnities are closed, and all that was mortal of my poor aunt is now laid, where it will await the voice of the archangel that summons it to judgment. Ah ! were there but a hope in her death, I should be consoled ; but say, dear Emily, is it strange that I should refuse to be comforted ? Time, that brings a balm for many a wound, will probably pour a degree of forgetfulness, at least, over that which now bleeds so profusely in my heart : whether it will ever be entirely healed, is what my feelings of this moment would induce me to deny. Never, no, never, since I became a thinking being, has so poignant an arrow pierced my breast ! And scarcely can I weep : even the soothing efficacy of tears seems to be withheld.

Yet, undoubtedly, these things have not been permitted without the wisest and most merciful designs. Already my poor uncle

appears to be hastening, as it were, from that delusion, in which he and his unhappy partner had slept with such fatal security. May the God of his fathers, for he is the branch of a holy stem, watch over him, and lead him by that way, from which he has hitherto wandered so distant. His Bible is frequently, indeed I might say constantly, in his hands; and I often observe the big drops falling silently upon the page as he proceeds. Nor does he neglect the mercy-seat; at least I hear him often 'enter into his closet, and shut his doors about him.' O may that 'God, which seeth in secret,' in his appointed time give him the gratuitous, but ample, recompence of a renewed mind! Pray for him, Emily, for he seems to be deeply cast down. 'The great waters' you would think 'were going over his soul;' but I have a fervent hope, that there is an Almighty arm supporting him, and that they will not finally overwhelm him.

His chapel, ever since the period of my aunt's death, has been closed against the pastor, who had heretofore been his spiritual

guide ; and he has sent an invitation, on my recommendation, to an eminently pious young minister, who was lately ordained from the university of Tübingen. Meanwhile, an aged servant of Christ, who had laboured in poverty and contempt in the neighbourhood, though doubtless with acceptance from above, officiates in the vacant pulpit. The situation was offered to him ; but, though much more lucrative than that he holds at present, he positively refused to accept it. His reasons were few, but cogent ; and indicated the genuine simplicity of his aim to promote the interests of his Master's kingdom, rather than to aggrandize himself or his family. The tender that was made him, however, and his admission within the limits of the marquesate, ' have fallen out unto the furtherance of the gospel,' and he is now treated with some respect even by the enemies of his Lord. How my heart rejoiced to welcome the venerable disciple to the threshold of the castle ! You would have admired his modesty, Emily. No look that betrayed him elated ; no sign

of exultation could you have read in his countenance. All was humility, and meekness, and gentleness. I thought, indeed, that I could discern a tear of gratitude to that God, who said, 'Them that honour me, I will honour,' as the Marquis took his hand, and pressed it with a cordiality that denoted previous esteem; but he seemed instantly to check that starting tear, as if afraid that in leaving his eye, it might foster pride. He reminded me not a little of your pious instructor. And then, to see and hear him when he speaks as the priest of the Most High God! Truly it is edifying.

"He views his flock with all a father's eye,
And toils to lead them onward to the sky,
A well-trained pupil in the Saviour's school,
The Cross his glory, the Command his rule."

As Jonathan's to David, I can indeed say that my heart was knit to him, from the first moment I listened to him, in the character of an ambassador of Christ. Paul himself would not have been dishonoured by his strain! His nervous eloquence, when he would warn the sinner: his pathetic language, when he intreats him to 'save him-

self from this untoward generation,'—' be-seeches him to be reconciled to God ;' his full and sublime descriptions, as if he had just visited its sacred courts, when he paints the glories and beatitude of heaven : his overflowing tenderness, when he but imagines any of the redeemed, backsliding, though it be but for a little season, from the ways of peace : his unbounded compassion for a lost and perishing world ; and his exceeding love, when he dwells on the mercies of his adorable and gracious Lord ! While he is proclaiming the glad tidings, you would almost believe with the prophet, that his ' heart was moved and the heart of his people, as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind ;' with such power does his word go forth.

O Emily, amidst the dismaying gloom which so lately enveloped this mansion—thick as the depths of midnight, and terrifying as the darkness of Egypt, how soothing is the smile of Mercy !—how sweet, how reviving, is the Gospel's sound ! Methinks, already, this ' desert rejoices and blossoms as

the rose.' Instead of the thorn, the fig-tree is budding ; and where the brier spread itself, there the myrtle-tree is springing in verdure and loveliness. O, I could delineate such a scene, almost I could persuade myself, with ' the pen of a ready writer,' so gladdening is the contrast to what we have so recently witnessed. Who is it that beautifully says ?

" So the bright sun, triumphant in his powers,
Flings his fine beams amidst descending showers ;
Bids the fair arch, that nobly spans the skies,
Display on darkest clouds its richest dyes :
We view the bow its matchless tints assume—
Smile on the beauty, and forget the gloom."

Such are my feelings, while my bosom beats lightly in the refreshing prospect of life and immortality. But alas ! dear Emily, it is not always thus. Many a sorrowful remembrance there is, which throws a saddening shade even over those moments when I would ' rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.' The days, and months, and years, in which I lived estranged from him, and slighted the offers of his pardon—and, above all, the transgressions wherewith I have grieved his holy Spirit, since my adoption into the family of his

redeemed, often, often make me go mourning, and would well nigh whisper an apprehension, that 'my spot is not the spot of his children.'—Again, let me intreat you to intercede for my poor afflicted uncle, and for your tenderly affectionate

ALPHONZO DE MERTENBURG.

P. S. I shall write when such arrangements have taken place, as will afford me a possibility of revisiting you. Adieu, dearest Emily.

ALPHONZO TO EMILY.

Chateau d'A.

At length, I hope, my uncle is becoming reconciled to the thought of parting with me. He is, indeed, a distressed man, and most gladly would I minister to him any consolation in my power. But, I would humbly trust, he is now supported by an arm, more able to sustain him than mine. Mr. G., the young minister I spoke of, is arrived, and has already entered on his

office. It was very delightful to witness with what filial observance he treated the venerable pastor, who had occupied his place in the interval. It seemed to me, that Paul and Timothy might thus have mingled in embraces, tears, and prayers. In some respects, perhaps, he is better adapted for the situation than most of the Lutheran clergy, as he is a young man of high connexions, and consequently more intimately acquainted with the manners of the society in which he will be called to move at the castle. His erudition also is extensive, and he has a peculiar knowledge, almost to intuition, of mankind. If you will excuse my pedantry, though by the bye, if I am not mistaken, I taught you as much Latin as will enable you to understand the quotation, he has the nicest art imaginable in seizing the ‘*tempora mollia fandi* ;’ and I have frequently been surprized at the amiable adroitness with which he turns the most trivial incident to advantage. Withal, his piety is of a character, which bespeaks it imbibed at the foot of the cross. No appearance of

levity in his conduct, yet with a demeanour softened by the genuineness of Christian affability and kindness. ‘Courteous to all’ with whom he walks in the intercourse of life, yet stedfast as a rock to the purposes of his high vocation. Meek and gentle under contempt and reproach, yet unalterably fixed to follow his Master, ‘through honour and dishonour, through evil report and good report’—yea, methinks, though he should summon him to trace his steps ‘to prison and to death.’ Such is a hasty sketch of our new chaplain, and to his care, under the watchful protection of a Father in heaven, I trust I may safely commit my uncle’s advancement in the knowledge of Divine things.

Thus my work appears nearly concluded, as far as it regards this house and family. I have now been here two months, and should hope in another week that I may be taking my leave. Dearest Emily, my heart and eyes are alike overflowing at this moment. Mysterious, mysterious indeed, are the ways of God! Since my arrival here, I have

seen one near and beloved relative depart under circumstances which would appal the most unthinking—and another, I hope, ‘delivered from the power of Satan, and translated into the kingdom of God’s dear Son.’ I have beheld ‘the shadow of death turned into the morning, and the day made dark with night.’ One has been ‘plucked as a firebrand out of the burning’—another has gone—but let it be hushed for ever, till lips, that cannot err, pronounce the irreversible sentence!—Adieu, my Emily.

A. DE MERTENBURG.

The next letter that reached the glen was dated from Bern, where Alphonzo was detained as the heir of the house of Mertenburg, and hereditary counsellor of the Confederacy. It was as follows :

Bern, Maison F.

I am at length, dearest Emily, thus far on my return. My eagerness once more to see you has met with a very tantalizing check

here, but I hope it will only be momentary. This is in many respects a favoured spot. Sweet it is, indeed, to observe the hallowed decorum with which the day of rest is kept. Many of the higher ranks are strenuous supporters of every thing that is good, and not a few deeply imbued with that knowledge which 'maketh wise unto salvation.' Yet, notwithstanding, I feel as a stranger among them; and, when I listen to their edifying conversation, am fain to hide my face with confusion at the years I have wasted in frivolous pursuits, and the little proficiency I have attained in what most intimately concerns a being, destined to be eternally happy, or, dreadful alternative! miserable without end—shut out from the presence of God—and having a portion 'with the devil and his angels.'

I have been detained here in the name of the council, as one of the hereditary nobility of the Helvetic Confederacy. A matter is now depending relating to some new regulations, and it is necessary that I should give them my sanction, as heir presumptive of

our good Baron of Mertenburg. But, alas! Emily, this is now a mere form. We are cyphers in the government of our country: yet, still we think it desirable to retain the usages of the olden time, in the remote anticipation of better days.

Pray, my beloved, that we may meet in peace. Until separated from you by death, and withdrawn to scenes where we shall be as the angels of God,

Believe me your truly affectionate

A. DE M.

A few days from the date of his last letter brought Alphonzo to the glen. His eye was sunk, and his cheek pale and emaciated; the effects of anxiety and suffering. Restored, however, to all he held dear, or dearest on earth, and to the air of his native hills, now freshening into the blast of winter, as he mounted some Alpine height, now softening into the breeze of summer, as he descended to the interjacent vales, quickly

flushed anew his manly aspect, and gave his eye its wonted vivacity. Absence from the scenes of peace, which once more surrounded him, had imparted an additional value to their sequestered retreats; and the awful lesson he had received of the importance of being prepared for that hour, when he was to bid adieu to all sublunary things, enhanced in his view the prospect of a union with one, whose mind was so conversant with heaven, and who would rejoice to assist, and quicken, him in his christian warfare.

To Emily's anxious scrutiny he appeared improved. The delicate hue of his countenance, arising in some measure, as her heart whispered, from a separation she had herself deeply felt, gave him a more interesting expression, which still remained when the occasion of it was removed. His tall figure had been gradually softening into the dignity of manhood, and had now attained in her estimation a graceful maturity; while he had learned effectually to despise that unmeaning frivolity of deportment, which was, unhappily, already beginning to



be accounted amongst the hills of Switzerland the necessary accompaniment of rank and fortune. He had again had experience of the vanity of the world, and of its unsatisfying and sickening pleasures, and he returned to her, she fondly believed, doubly enamoured of quietude and repose. The painful emotions of absence, so her bosom silently dictated at least, would only the more endear the sweets of connubial life; while the late affecting circumstances, in which he had been placed, would only lead him to prize more deeply that atonement offered for transgression, and conduce to the harmony of their wedded intercourse.

Thus time passed. Each day seemed but the bearer of new enjoyments, and to bind more closely the ties of affection which united them. Happy in each other, they would have regretted the rapidity with which their years were stealing from them, had not every revolving moment been bringing them nearer, as they hoped, to the consummation of their tenderest wishes. The castle, as the future abode of Emily, was preparing

for her reception, and the hour, destined to make her its acknowledged mistress, appeared to be at hand.—But, let not man trust too much to the bright clouds of his morning; for, if we listen to the monitory voice of Inspiration, we shall hear it whisper, that ‘he walketh in vain shew.’

CHAP. XI.

“Whate’er the lot of man be found below,
Drink he the cup of happiness or woe,
In every state of life his bliss is one,
Formed by religion, and by that alone.
How light all else ! as transient as gay flowers,
And mutable as clouds in vernal hours !
Though wise and wealthy, honoured and admired,
Unless by truth instructed and inspired,
Man only boasts a transitory charm,
And well may spend his moments in alarm ;
For all is mortal round him, and the day
May quickly come, that sweeps his pomp away.”

SEVERAL months had already elapsed since the return of Alphonzo to the scenes of his nativity. The castle had undergone the requisite alterations, which he had superintended with peculiar pleasure, in anticipation of the approval of another eye than his own. Many a new walk had been laid out according to the improvements

which modern taste had introduced, and many a straight one had been taught to wind its sinuous course. Many a retired spot had been planted, where the wanderer might repose screened from the sun of summer, and enjoy the sublimity of an Alpine winter, sheltered from its storms ; whilst many an opening had been made through the deep rows of elms, which had grown unmolested for ages in gloomy uniformity, concealing some of the finest features of the prospect they were intended to adorn, and which now, by the addition of some irregular plantations, fell into perspective from different points of view, and gave to the domain a character, at once grand and picturesque.

Gradually maturing in affection, the young enamoured pair seemed at length in similarity of sentiments to have been cast in the same mould. The germ of piety over which Emily had watched with so fond and lively an anxiety, had ‘spread out its root beside the waters,’ and its branches were now verdant and flourishing ; and, though not yet, perhaps, as luxuriant in those fruits which



honour the Divine hand from whence they spring, as she might have desired, she was still enabled without hesitation to unite herself with Alphonzo in the strictest ties of love and tenderness, in the full persuasion that He, whose immediate presence sanctioned, and blessed the nuptials of Eden, and who in after-times manifested forth his glory, when

“The modest water saw its God, and blushed,”*

would not withhold his benediction from *her* espousals. But, O how precarious is our tenure of earthly felicity ! Human happiness is indeed a frail and fragile flower. It comes forth in verdure and loveliness, with many a promise of waiting the leisure of those who would cull its sweets. But as it comes up,

* Vidit, et erubuit, lympba pudica Deum.

This inimitably beautiful description of the first miracle, which our Lord performed, would have given a deserved immortality of earthly fame to its author ; and better, perhaps, had it been for himself and for the world, if the germ of his genius had blossomed, matured, and withered for ever, in its production.

so it is cut down. The rude blast of adversity passes over it, and its place knows it no more!

The day of their marriage had already been demanded by Alphonzo, and referred by Emily, as the blush of virgin bashfulness mantled over her, to her mother's decision, in which she had consented to acquiesce. The intervening period was now drawing rapidly to a close, and the season fraught with so much interest to many, and so long expected, seemed to be approaching with an unerring flight.

The week preceding that which was fixed for the solemnization of their nuptials, the Baron, who, to testify his satisfaction at the anticipated event, had agreed to abandon his castle for a day, Alphonzo, Major and Mrs. Villaret, and the Pastor of the adjoining hamlet, who, agreeably to Emily's request, was to perform the ceremony, met by invitation at Mr. du Blesne's. Mirth and good-humour, becoming the occasion, yet shaded by that gentle seriousness, which, remote from melancholy, will ever keep the devout

mind in an equable and dependent frame, led on the happy hours. Emily, seated beside Alphonzo, her now acknowledged suitor, received his attentions with unaffected hesitation, but yet with that involuntary acquiescence, which bespoke them offered by one she loved, her cheek glowing with the expression of modesty, as she caught from time to time the well-pleased eyes of her family and friends.

When dinner was ended, and the glooms of evening were beginning to prevail over the fervid heat of the atmosphere, while here and there the mists were seen revolving on the mountains, as they rose in succession from the lake, Alphonzo, giving Emily his arm, strolled down the glen.

"Well, Emily," said he, when they had turned an angle which concealed them from view of the house, "the moment so long and so anxiously looked for is hastening on. Dearest Emily," he continued, taking her hand, while she gently returned his pressure, "may our years glide happily away, yet more happily even than those which have cemented

the union of our hearts, after these hands have been joined, to be dissevered"—the tear springing, as he paused, unbidden to his eyes—"only by death."

Emily could with difficulty force the brief but not inexpressive reply, "Ah, Alphonzo!"

Advancing till they reached the place where the walks separated, one going forward towards the avenue, the other narrowing in its ascent, leading to the recess where La Roche reposed, they unconsciously took the latter. Winding in its course round the eminence, it imperceptibly brought you to the spot where it ended—a seat, placed across the foot of the pilgrim's grave. The trees, which had been planted to protect his rest, had already grown considerably, and now agreeably shaded the rural chair, embowering it as in a kind of tasseled alcove. The view, though not extensive, was pleasing; rather sombre perhaps, than lively, from the high and spreading foliage which confined it on either side, and from its being terminated

by the adverse mountain of Savoy, which was seen as through 'a vista, stretching a mantle of dark green before it. About it grew flowers of every hue, which Emily, in pious memorial of her friend, had disposed with her own hand, to shed their earliest and freshest fragrance around his bed.

As they slowly ascended, calm but happy in the prospect of a nearer and dearer union, the conversation was renewed. "With what different ideas, Emily, do I regard the approaching solemnity, from those which I once thought I should feel on such an occasion! The emotion it excites in my heart is indeed various in its nature; but the sense of the Divine favour is the sweetest feeling I experience in the anticipation of it."

"Yes," replied Emily, slightly colouring, "I have no doubt but it will be sanctioned from above."

"Sanctioned, Emily!" rejoined Alphonzo, with animation; "Did I not think so, my beloved, unalterably as every affection of my heart twines about you, I believe—I hope

—I could part with you—for ever:” his voice trembling as he reached the concluding words.

Unprepared for such a sentiment, and overcome by the piety and tenderness which it breathed, Emily could only answer, “Oh, Alphonzo, how I rejoice to hear you say so!” and overpowered with contending emotions, she wept long and unrestrained.

She was just beginning to recover herself, when they heard a foot slowly approaching them. It was the pastor. Anxious to have a private interview with them, he had marked the path they had taken, and followed them at a distance. Catching a glimpse of his emaciated but majestic figure, through the trees, “Oh, it is only good Mr. B.” said Emily, her heart beating less quick, as she wiped her eyes, and endeavoured to resume her composure. “How beautiful,” thought she within herself, as he turned the last sweep of the walk which had hitherto concealed him from her view; “how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace;

that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, 'Thy God reigneth!'—Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile! Guide of my youth, and friend of my riper years, I owe thee the gratitude due from a child to a parent." Not observing them, as if his mind was employed on something, that excluded for a moment the material world, the venerable man appeared with that unconstrained air, which a consciousness that we are alone inspires, and presented himself to their gaze in all the native comeliness of simplicity and truth.

The suns and storms of seventy revolving years had bleached to a snowy whiteness the locks of this faithful and laborious servant of God. Divided from his forehead, according to the more seemly custom, if we may express an opinion, of the primitive periods of the Reformation; a custom, which, as we have ourselves witnessed, is still preserved occasionally on the continent, giving at once grace and dignity to the men, they hung down gently waving on his shoulders.

In stature tall, and still unbending, he bore the marks of a youth of temperance, and of an old age yet vigorous in the service of his Lord. His cheek was pale, and evidently had felt the hand of time. His dark eye beamed with intelligence, while it indicated that the hopes and wishes of the heart, that warmed it, had long soared above terrestrial things. Yet, in his look there was a gentle sadness, which denoted the disciple of the 'man of sorrows.' Like Him, his servant had been acquainted with grief. So serene was his aspect, however, yet so resigned, shaded yet mellowed by affliction, while it was at the same moment animated by a lively faith, that you might have thought him the patriarch ascending the mountain to the sacrifice of his son.*

* It may perhaps be not inappropriately remarked here, that Calvary is a small eminence or hill upon the great mount of Moriah. It is impossible at present to ascertain with accuracy on which of the heights Abraham bound his son, and prepared him for sacrifice, but it is beyond reasonable doubt, that the hill of which it was said, 'upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of,' was part of the mount of Moriah.

For nearly fifty years had he ministered at the altar, honoured and useful in his day and generation. The valley where he lived was sweet and sequestered, and his affections had now become riveted to it, and to the little flock he fed amid its retreats. Though he had often been invited to accept of more valuable preferment, he had as often declined. "His Master," he said, "had placed him there. There it was, that he had first proclaimed the welcome tidings of His salvation: there, that his humble and unworthy labours had first been owned in the conversion of a sinner from the error of his ways; and it was there, that he wished to declare, with his dying breath, a Redeemer's love."

No mystical piety was his. Unlike the tree luxuriating in blossoms, but bringing none to perfection, his religion, lowly and unostentatious, was 'full of good fruits.' While he preached faith in the Saviour, as the sole medium of reconciliation between God and man, he was studious never to separate the effect from the cause. In the

power of the cross to heal, he demonstrated its influence to cleanse. "Art thou a christian," he would meekly say, "shew me thy principles by thy conduct. My Lord has given me a test, and I dare not go beyond it—'by their fruits ye shall know them.'" And what he taught, he was careful to exemplify in his practice. He was at once the instructor, and the benefactor, of the people of his charge. He comforted the afflicted, he warned the disobedient; and often would the tear of compassion and regret bedew his cheek, when compelled by duty to denounce the vengeance of heaven against the impenitent. But, while he 'cast his bread upon the waters' to supply their spiritual wants, he 'withheld not his hand from relieving their temporal necessities. True, he had but little to bestow; for the pastor was, like his Master, poor: but to the extent of his ability, and frequently beyond what many would call the limits of prudence, he fed the hungry, and clothed the naked. Conscious, therefore, that he was indeed their friend, they fled to him on every

occasion of disquietude or alarm ; and never did they leave him without hearing that there was balm in Gilead, and seldom without deriving some benefit from its healing power. They felt they were his children. He looked on himself as their father, and consequently took a paternal interest in whatever concerned them ; and never, perhaps, were those lines of one of the chastest of our poets more beautifully illustrated, than in this venerable servant of Christ :

“ His ready smile a parent’s warmth express :
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

Such was the pastor ! As he slowly approached them, they observed his eyes, now raised to heaven, doubtless, in prayer, then cast upon the ground, as if in the humility of his soul he did not dare steadily to fix his view on the place, where the divine honour dwelt. His step was grave, becoming his

age, and the sacred character with which he was invested; and all his demeanour such as indicated the pilgrim, whose 'redemption was drawing nigh.' In a word, he bore the semblance of a tried ambassador of God to men, who was soon to be called to the reward of the good and faithful servant—a reward as he well knew, not of debt, but of grace—and who 'counted not his life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy.'

Emily and Alphonzo rose, and advanced a few steps to meet him. "We are ever happy to have our kind instructor in the ways of peace beside us, even in our retreats," said Emily, affectionately taking him by the hand, and leading him to the seat.

"Not less so am I to see and counsel you," said the good old man, placing himself between them, "according to the best of the little ability, which has been allotted me by the Sovereign disposal of him who gave me being; and I have, therefore, sought this private interview with you, ere you are

in a measure withdrawn from my care, and enter under the guardianship of another. Not, Emily, my child, my dear child—pardon the warmth of my expressions, for such I have ever called you, and such I ever must call you—not, that I shall in any wise lose the anxious solicitude I have so long felt for your best interests in time, and in eternity ; but the delegated authority of a father must necessarily in some degree be absorbed in the new and virtual one of a husband, which you are so soon to commit to this the son of our venerated chieftain. No, Emily ; no, my beloved child, I shall never forget you, never cease to follow you with my eyes, and when they can trace you no longer, with my tears and prayers.

“The tie, that binds you to this aged and bereaved heart, is one of no common kind. It was I, who sprinkled on you the waters of baptism, and solemnly dedicated you to the service of Him from whom you derived existence. I it was, who admitted you into his visible church, and who in your riper years received the declaration of your in-

violable determination to be his ; and my hand it was, that first delivered to you the pledges of your Redeemer's dying love.* And often, when you were as yet an infant, have these arms upheld your tottering steps ; for you were doubly dear to me, as much resembling the sweet babe that was lent to me for a season. In you, my own child, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, seemed to be revived ; and I have ever entertained for you a paternal fondness." He stopped for a moment to wipe a tear. "And you, too, my young friend," he continued, turning to Alphonzo ; "you too will allow me to regard you with interest, on account of the tender relation you are about to bear to Emily."

"I will indeed, Sir," replied Alphonzo, much moved by his affectionate manner and language. "Emily has often told me she revered you as a father, and for her sake, and may I add, Sir, for your own, I would wish also to consider you as a parent. Emily and I are both of us as yet young,

* See note t.

and we much require the counsel of piety and experience."

"I followed you;" resumed the venerable disciple, "that I might have a few minutes of uninterrupted and private conversation with you. What I have to say is the advice of years, chastened by such better knowledge, as it has pleased the Father of lights to impart to his unworthy servant. I address myself therefore to both of you, and may the Divine Spirit enable me to speak, and you, my children, to hear, with an understanding heart.

"You are ere long to enter into the most solemn engagements. Of all bonds which can subsist on earth, marriage is perhaps the most sacred. Our Lord has frequently chosen it, by the mouth of his apostles and prophets, to intimate his near relation to his church. Your bosoms no doubt are buoyant with anticipation, and I would not willingly throw a damp on your pleasures. I deem your hopes and wishes sanctioned from above, and God forbid that I should disparage what he has himself proclaimed, 'honour-

able in all.' Yet, beware, lest you are tempted, in the pardonable exuberance of youthful affection, to overlook the nature of the obligations you are about to come under. The vows you will soon take, if God permit your wishes to be consummated at the altar, are too awful to be viewed with levity, or entered into without much and deep humiliation at a throne of grace.

"I remember well, and the days of more than forty years have since been numbered over me, and blanched this hoary head, when I was on the eve of becoming a husband. Many an hour did I spend at the mercy-seat imploring the divine blessing: and I did not seek it in vain. The help meet for me, whom the Lord provided, was in her station a pattern to her sex; and we lived together as happily as those, subject to the versatilities of this world of trial, can do, for the protracted period of thirty years. And if our mutual enjoyments were then interrupted, it was only because death disjoined us, summing my partner to a higher sphere, yea, even to sit down at the marriage supper of

the Lamb. We were not rich, but we had more than sufficient for the supply of our few and simple wants ; and my wife had always some little thing in reserve for the poor of my parish, whom we loved as our children, more closely bound to us, after He, who gave them, had recalled the two dear pledges of our union to himself.

“First, then, let me recommend to you to intreat the God of the spirits of all flesh to direct you herein ; yea, even yet to thwart your fondest expectations, should it thus be more for his own glory. O Emily, my child, you I know have often sought his guidance. The piety, which I have watched over with parental anxiety, and fostered with many a secret intercession, would not permit you to have proceeded thus far in a matter of such importance, without supplication and prayer. And you, too, my young friend, have also, I am persuaded, not been neglectful of a duty so peculiarly becoming at such a season : else she who is so soon, if thus it seem good to God, to be united to you by the tenderest and sweetest

ties, would not have placed her affections upon you, or at least have accepted the offer of your hand." Here he paused ; and the deep-drawn sigh bespoke his hearers not inattentive to his voice.

"If," he resumed, "He who thought it not good that man should be alone, deign to smile upon your marriage, (and, its vows thus entered into, I think you may humbly expect his countenance), all will proceed in peace. Not, that in wedlock your lives will be for ever without a care. Alas ! this is the fond chimera, that has so woefully deceived many a youthful heart. The nuptials of Christians, indeed, whose great aim it is to 'glorify God in their bodies, and in their spirits which are his,' are of a nature widely different from those of such as have not his fear before their eyes. With the former, the region of domestic happiness will resemble these our pleasant scenes. The air around them is healthful and genial, and their skies are generally unclouded and serene. But yet even here, the sun, that rises over yon hill, as if to run his race un-

obscured, is often hid in darkness, ere he has reached his noon. And even should he walk through heaven without a cloud upon his path, he is still hastening to his evening, and must by and by be finally lost in the shades of night.

Such will be your connubial state. Though we have every reason to hope, that the glooms of sinful passion will never lour in your horizon, or interrupt the harmony of your union, sorrow, that constant attendant of humanity, will assuredly blacken it with many a storm. You will be joyful indeed in the certainty of the Divine approbation, and you will be blessed in each other; but you will have your trials. The Christian course is a warfare; and as the prize is glorious, so the conflict is proportionally arduous. Not that it is dubious in its issue: no, we do not trust to an arm of flesh; but it is unintermitted and severe, for our adversaries are powerful, and vigilant. Your social comfort will have the firm foundation of christian unanimity. Bound together as you will be, not only by bonds, which no man may undo,

but also by the indissoluble ties of esteem and love, you will derive, from the surrender of your individual inclinations each to the other, a source of the most refined delight. While you, therefore, Emily, are placed in subjection, you will render the cheerful obedience of a willing mind; and while your 'desire is to your husband,' you will experience a pleasure in gratifying him, which will not only lighten every burden borne for his sake, but convert it into an occasion of sweetening your own life. You, my young friend, on the contrary, will be a guide and protector to your wife. She is the weaker vessel, and deserving of honour and respect. Let every affection therefore of your heart, second only to the allegiance you owe to God, be her's; yet let your intercourse be attempered by the discreteness of religion, as well as softened by the ardour of love.

"United, moreover, as I am fully aware you are, by the similarity of your tastes and sentiments on other subjects, you will thence also draw many sources of mutual

pleasure and benefit. The refined gratifications arising from intellectual companionship you will abundantly enjoy ; for the blessings of education, well directed, have been eminently your's. But let these ever be held in subordination to higher duties, and more durable delights. To promote each other's piety be your end and aim. While journeying through the scenes of an earthly union, never forget that you are hastening to a state, where 'none marry, nor are given in marriage.' 'The voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, will ere long be heard no more.' Though 'your land may not be left unto you desolate,' and yet we know not what may be in the womb of futurity, yet a little while, and *you* will have passed away. You are still young, and, like yonder flower before us, blooming in health and vigour ; but let a few more suns be risen, and set upon these hills, and you will resemble that which was once its rival, but which is now beside it scentless and dead. 'The

stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times :’ be not ye, therefore, my children, less discreet than she. ‘ Death will soon come up into your windows, and enter into your palaces,’ and you will go ‘ the way of that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns.’ Let him not find you, then, unprepared. But, as ‘ it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps,’ let your eye be ever fixed on Him from whom cometh your help ; and let your first solemn act after your union be, to dedicate yourselves anew to Him. He has a paramount claim to your gratitude and love. From him have come all the blessings you have hitherto enjoyed ; and from him must proceed all you look for hereafter. Let your concerns, therefore, be regulated in his faith and fear ; and when you place your foot upon the threshold of that abode where you hope to dwell in wedded amity and concord, let your noble determination be, with that of the leader of Israel of old ; ‘ As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord !’

“Put on, therefore, my children, the whole armour of God, for you will require it in the evil day. You will have many enemies to contend with, both from without and from within; but with the helmet of your Redeemer’s salvation, with the shield of faith, and with the breast-plate of righteousness, you will be finally, through the assistance of his spirit, more than conquerors; and in your passage through time, more than happy, daily rejoicing that

“——— In one common lot

Your lives, your fortunes, and your beings blend.”

The venerable pastor then reverently uncovered his hoary locks, and assumed the posture of supplication, while Alphonzo and Emily sunk unconsciously to their knees beside him. His prayer, at once calm, ardent and affectionate, drew many tears from all their eyes. The good old man then rose and embraced them both. Emily wept and sobbed aloud: Alphonzo’s emotion was silent, but deep.

“And now,” said the man of God, as he turned to leave them, “farewell, my

children. The hour appointed for our next meeting is hastening on ; and if it be the Divine will that these aged eyes behold you united at the altar of truth, I need not tell you that they will overflow with joy. Yet, let us be watchful, for we know not what a day may bring forth." Then raising his hands to heaven, he gave them his benediction ; and

*"Solemn as dying saint's farewell,
The fervour of that blessing fell."*

He then slowly moved away from them. Long their eyes followed him, as a friend who was dear to them—as one whom they might see no more—and while they wistfully gazed after him as he passed from view, with the forsaken prophet each in heart ejaculated, "Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." So much were they affected by the scene that had just taken place, that they were unable to renew the conversation, and after a season they silently withdrew from the interesting spot.

As they approached the house, they met the Baron walking arm in arm with Mr. du

Blesne. The former, calling Alphonzo aside, detailed to him the arrangements which had been made, and the various settlement of feu and fief, which was entirely to his son's satisfaction, as it reserved, in case of his demise, a handsome provision for his surviving widow. It was then finally agreed on, with Emily's concurrence, that the marriage should be celebrated on the Monday following, in order that the young couple might have an interval, between that and the succeeding Sabbath, to make a tour through the mountains, and returning by Geneva, and Lausanne, to reach Mr. du Blesne's on Saturday night, so as to afford them the opportunity of attending the church of their venerable friend on the day following there, solemnly to renew their engagements at the sacramental table. Thence revisiting the glen, they were to spend there the remainder of the day of rest, and Emily was finally to enter the castle on the subsequent Monday, as her future residence.

! These things thus definitively arranged

to the satisfaction of all parties, the Baron and his son, after mutual greetings, took leave, but not until Emily had secretly obtained a promise from the latter to return as early as possible. "Not to-morrow, my love," said Alphonzo, as he gently pressed her hand. "The Baron will require my presence to-morrow: but the day following I trust to meet you." Then cordial salutes interchanged, the chief and his son mounted their horses, which were waiting for them, and set out for the castle, whither they hoped ere long not to withdraw, alone.

"Well Father," said Alphonzo, as they descended the avenue, "I hope you are pleased with Emily."

"Pleased, my son," replied the affectionate parent, "it is seldom I have had to express my disapprobation of your conduct, and assuredly in this instance I cannot but be highly gratified with the choice you have made. I was persuaded, indeed, that your good sense would lead you to despise the foolish airs, which so many young ladies consider it necessary to assume, in order to

enhance their importance in the eyes of others ; but I could scarcely have hoped you could have found one so unaffected, and so amiable." Here the Baron heaved a deep sigh.

"You are not unwell, father," said Alphonzo anxiously. "No," replied the Baron, "I am not unwell ; but memory is too faithful."

"My mother, I suppose," rejoined Alphonzo. "I have heard Mrs. du Blesne say, indeed, that Emily had a strong resemblance to her."

"Yes, the likeness is striking," replied the Baron, his voice faltering as he spoke ; "but in nothing more so, than in the artlessness and simplicity of her manners. Your dear mother was truly the pattern of woman-kind." After a pause—"Well I remember thee, Matilda ! The ties which bound me to thee were only riveted by thy death."

Alphonzo, who had seldom heard his father so communicative on this subject, thinking it a favourable opportunity for becoming better acquainted with the history

and character of his deceased parent, of whom, from particular circumstances, he knew but little, now replied in a tone which indicated his desire—"My mother, I believe, was a native of Wurtemberg?"

"Yes; and nearly allied to the reigning house. But her father who, like myself, was a man of retired habits, generally resided in his castle on the banks of the Rhine. It was there I first saw her. I had received letters of introduction from the Prince of L——, and as I was passing in the neighbourhood of your grandfather's on my return from the Tyrol, I thought I would visit him, with the intention of remaining only one night. But such was his friendly hospitality, that I was constrained to defer my departure from week to week. In the mean time his younger daughter (he had only two children), had insensibly interested me. There was a *naïveté* about her, which was peculiarly engaging. She sang, and played exquisitely; and often in the evening would she take the melancholy Baron, as

she used playfully to call me, to the river side, and order her harp to be brought to a grotto, which far overlooked the rich champagne, and the clear waters which rolled below, that she might endeavour, as she said, to wile away the sorrow that was preying upon my spirits. Dear Matilda ! Sometimes too she would sing me a hymn : and I have marked her eye glisten as she spoke of hopes beyond"—here he paused for a moment, as if in meditation or prayer.

"From weeks my visit extended to months. The Duke observed our growing intimacy, and did not discountenance it. My rank, though inferior to his own, was respectable, and my domains were perhaps as productive as most of the German principalities ; and he was kind enough to express himself as esteeming my friendship. After a season, I proposed for his younger daughter. I recollect well, good old man, the tear that started to his eye, as he threw his arms about my neck, and assured me

how glad he would be to commit the happiness of his child to my care.

“A month or two subsequently, when I had visited my own residence to put it in order for its future mistress, I returned to receive her hand. We were married, and never was union more blessed than ours. But—alas! how transient were its joys! Within one short year they began and ended. The night before she died—and never shall I lose the recollection of the calm dignity, with which she spoke, while the sad anticipation, that we were so soon to part, softened her sweet countenance into a look of indescribable anguish—she gave me her charge about the babe she was to bring forth. She felt a strong presentiment that she would leave me the widowed father of a son, and she foresaw the innumerable dangers that would beset your path. It was this reflection that overcame her—and she threw herself into my arms, and broke into convulsive sobs. She was taken ill immediately, and the next day, ere noon, I folded

her to my breast a corpse"—Tears now moistened alike the cheeks of father and son; and unable to continue the conversation, they pursued their way in silence, and entered the castle, as the clock from the tower told them that night had already long spread her sable mantle over the world.

CHAP. XII.

" Whilst secret things unto the Lord belong,
Unsung by prophet through his lengthened song,
Enough we know—th' inevitable day,
Swift as the eagle hastes her to the prey,
Pursues our steps—when all that life has been
We *must* resign, and quit this passing scene.
Yet oft, as missioned from the courts above,
And winged with tidings of mysterious love,
Some dark and dead presentiment of woe
Will heave the breast, or bid the eye o'erflow."

IN the tenour of human life there are frequently periods, when the purpose of God concerning us seems more peculiarly veiled in 'the darkness that is round about him.' At such seasons the heart is naturally depressed. The gloomy apprehensions of the future which cleave so closely to the mind, unenlightened from above, and consequently unacquainted with those paths of peace which have been opened to the sinner through the shedding of Emmanuel's blood, will necessarily induce despondency. The

soul, indeed, even of the Christian, will often be disquieted within him, but his uneasiness is of a kind widely different from that which agitates those, who cannot, with filial confidence, call God their friend. To the one, it is a voice from heaven crying: 'Vengeance is mine:' to the other, the correction of paternal tenderness whispering: 'My son, give me thy heart.' In either case, doubtless, it is the warning of mercy, if received in humility, and should urge us to flee to Him, who will abundantly pardon every returning penitent.

The evening was more than usually serene. A September sun was declining in unclouded majesty, and reflected from the clear quiescent bosom of the lake, invested with its glory the fading foliage of the hills, that rose from its banks. The day had been sultry, but the light breeze, which frequently follows the departure of the sun, had just sprung up, and imparted to the fervid atmosphere an agreeable freshness, yet without that chill which so generally, in these our more northerly climates, leaves something to regret

amidst the loveliness of an autumnal evening.

Invited by the calmness, the unperturbed tranquillity of all around, and perhaps too with some unavowed restlessness of spirit, which sought relief in solitude, Emily withdrew from the house, and directed her steps towards the delightful recesses, where she had passed so many a happy, so many a meditative, hour. The path she chose was one, which traversing the plantation on the acclivity to the right of the glen, and conducting by easy windings to the summit of the eminence, permitted her, as she stopped at intervals, to enjoy the beauties of the surrounding scenery. As she ascended with a pensive step, some verses of Racine, the chastest, and perhaps the most elegant of the French poets occurred to her mind. As they may be given with the variation of one line, nearly in the language of a celebrated writer of our own, we shall present them to the reader :

“ Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go :
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey—
Then higher rise above a world of woe.”



Repeating these to herself, and some others, with which it is unnecessary to crowd our pages, soothing as they may have been to the saddened heart of the fair mourner at the moment, she reached the bower, which had been the work of her childhood. Here Alphonzo found her. He had mounted his horse in the afternoon without any intention of visiting the glen; but suddenly changing his mind, after hastily returning to acquaint his father, he had taken a direction, where he was sensible of so many and powerful attractions, and whither he had long been guided, as by a magnet pointing in his breast. From them arose a charm that bound him as with new ties to existence. Life now was sweet in possession, and sweeter still in anticipation. In his view, mortal felicity had assumed a real form. The gay dreams of infancy, and the scarcely less visionary imaginings of childhood and youth seemed to him already within his reach.—But, how often are the fondest expectations frustrated! and how frequently do the enjoyments, which we believe we are on the point of securing, elude our

grasp, and, even while we gaze on them, vanish for ever!

On this occasion, though seen a thousand times before, every object appeared new, or adorned with unaccustomed beauty. He looked on the castle, the abode of the generations of his fathers, and stopping gazed on it with unwonted pleasure. "Ah," said he to himself with a smile of joy, "ere three suns have set, thou wilt own a mistress within thy walls." The massive structure, though not perhaps devoid of becoming ornament, now seemed to him more than comely. The lofty battlements wore a gayer form, as they rose amidst the glories of departing day with solemn magnificence. "From you, too, shall another eye than Alphonzo's survey the fair scene around"—he continued. "How pleased will she be with the morning dawning in crimson over yon eastward hill! How will evening delight her, sinking behind those luxuriant trees!—And yet"—he exclaimed, unconsciously giving utterance to his thoughts—"And yet"—he repeated; and started at

the lonely echo of his voice. Then spurring his horse, he hastened forward with a wild and indefinite anxiety, for which there appeared no assignable cause an anxiety, which, were the fables of our infancy to be credited, might possibly be deemed the presage of impending ill.

Having no reason to suppose that Emily expected him, as it was not until the day following he had promised to return, and willing to surprize her agreeably as he hoped, he avoided the usual path; and chose another and more circuitous route, for he had long since become familiar with the various windings of the glen, and 'every bosky' bourn from side to side,' which, leading underneath the projecting crag, that she had early fixed upon, as a spot suited to retirement, and where she had twined the interlacing leaves and branches of elm, willow, and chesnut, into a pleasant shade, enabled him, by climbing up the rock, to approach the arbour unobserved from behind.

He had now attained the grotto, formed by the jetting crag on which Emily reposed.

As he had still a considerable and more arduous ascent before him, he folded his arms, and reclined against a tree to breathe for a moment. Here, while permitting fancy to range over scenes of bright perspective, he insensibly forgot himself, until awakened from his reverie by the sound of music from above. It was a voice, whose cadences had often fallen soothingly on his heart, accompanying the soft tones of the lute ; and never had its modulations, commanding as they were, seemed to him so full, or sweet. Music, it has been not inelegantly remarked, when the performers are concealed, affects us with a pleasure mingled with surprise, and reminds us of the natural concert of birds among the leafy bowers. The spot at present aided the illusion. The trees were still clothed with autumnal verdure, here hanging over the precipice, and there retiring to raise themselves heavenward in some recess, while the deep melody of the blackbird, answered by the thrush from the adverse brake, blended with the warblings of a thousand lesser throats, resounded from

their branches. He listened with fixed attention. The song continued. The tale was mournful, and appeared to speak in a foreboding strain :

As the cloud that walks the mountain,
When the morning gilds its breast ;
As the crystal of yon fountain
Lightly leaves its bashful rest :

Gentle visions round me flying,
Still attendant where I stray,
Breathed of countless pleasures lying
Strewed beside Life's early way.

But, how changed ! No morning-slumber
Swathes with golden dreams my bed ;
Joys no more, surpassing number,
Hover smiling o'er my head.

Yes, I loved him ! But, if heaven
Snap the wreath affection wove,
Shall my heart, though wildly riven,
Therefore from its Saviour rove ?

No ; forbid it gracious Father !
Though that heart may ache the while ;
If thou wilt it, I had rather
Feel thy rod, than see thy smile.

Friend of mourners, from thy dwelling—
Thy celestial blest abode,
See each sigh my bosom swelling ;
Guide me on my way to God.

Spirit, Comforter, Instructor,
Mark my tears, and hear my groan ;
Thee I seek, Divine Conductor !
—Fit me for a heavenly throne.

So pensively sweet did the song seem to him, that like the fabled strain of the swan, as she bids a last farewell to the sorrowful companions of her happier hours, and the beloved waters of her native lake, it might have been boding of her death. An unusual pathos appeared to attune every note. It evidently came from the heart, and spoke the language of deep, though resigned, distress. Alphonzo felt the sympathetic moisture starting to his eye ; but dashing the tear hastily from it, as if unwilling to give way to the involuntary emotion that struggled within, he resumed his ascent.

To limbs less active, and arms less habituated than those of the young chief of Mertenburg to the enterprize he was now engaging in, it might have proved a hazardous undertaking. In a few minutes, however, by the aid of bushes growing in the fissures of the rock, and some slight pro-

jecting fragments, which his quick eye, and nimble foot soon rendered subservient to his purpose, he found himself unobserved and supported by one of the trees, whose rich foliage embowered Emily's retreat. Here he stood. He heard a voice. He listened, scarce daring to breathe, lest he should betray his presence. It was the same that had but just charmed him with its song. That song now seemed deepened into prayer.

“ And if it please thee, O Lord, prepare us for all that thine unerring wisdom may ordain. What a day may bring forth is hidden, except from thine all-seeing eye ; but, O grant that we may be ever watchful, always ready for our removal from these unsubstantial scenes. Bless, merciful Father, O bless my dear Alphonzo, and remember him with the favour thou bearest unto thy people. May he continue in the things which he has learned, weaned from the world, and made increasingly meet for the inheritance of thy saints—for that inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, which I trust

has been purchased for him by a Redeemer's precious blood. O lead him into the 'land of uprightness : ' guide him here by thy counsel, and afterward receive him to glory. And if we are allowed of thee to be united in these bonds, which thou hast declared 'honourable in all,' may we be helpers mutually of each other, as heirs together of the grace of life." Her emotion here overpowered her, and she wept aloud.

Deeply moved by this unsought tribute of affection, Alphonzo cautiously drew nearer that part of the arbour where she was ; and though he could scarcely restrain himself from rushing at once into her presence, yet so interesting had been what he had already overheard, that he was willing still to listen, if perhaps he might elicit some further proof of her tenderness from the privacy of her retreat. As he approached her, through a crevice of the trees, he could perceive that she was in the attitude of devotion. Her long dark hair hung negligently over her shoulders, and being gently agitated by the breeze, which at the moment

wafted the incense of unnumbered wild-flowers from the adjoining pastures, imparted to her an air almost more than human. Before her, on a rude table which his own hands had constructed for her during one of their visits to the spot, lay the little volume, which the good La Roche had enjoined her to study. It was open ; and he could trace these words, which he recollected to have heard her use, when endeavouring to encourage him in an hour of dejection, wetted with her tears ; ‘ Let not your heart be troubled.’ Again she resumed, with her eyes uplifted ;

“ But, gracious God, thy ways are unsearchable. Thou mayest see fit that we never never meet in hallowed affiance at the altar of truth.” A tear dropped on the page before her. She wiped it away, and with a sigh continued : “ One of us may perhaps be soon summoned hence. Oh, may we be prepared for every event ! Lord my Saviour, fulfil thy promise to us : never leave my beloved Alphonzo—never forsake me thy poor unworthy child.”

She ceased ; but the tears still streamed along her cheeks. Awhile he gazed on her, almost unconscious of what he did, till, by an involuntary motion disturbing the leaves, and attracting her attention, "Alphonzo," she shrieked: "Is it Alphonzo?" An instant he paused—then hurrying into the arbour, placed himself beside the anxious and trembling object of his tenderest affections.

"O Alphonzo!" after a moment she exclaimed in a low tone, and broke into a flood of unrestrained tears. "It is for you, Alphonzo, it is for you I weep. But, if such be the Divine will, there is still a haven where sorrow will agitate no more." The youth seated at her side, could only fix on her an imploring look. She perceived his distress, and tried to smile ; but it was as the sun bursting through the heavy clouds of April, portending a return of storms.

The sun was already beginning to be embosomed in the bright clouds, that reposed on the distant summit of the Jura, while the adverse mountains were thence deriving

that peculiar tinge of vermilion, which imparts so magical an influence to these snow-clad eminences, ere the long-refracted beam rises finally above their height. A few thin fleecy exhalations, ascending from the water, hills, and the champaign which they encircled, as if to obscure his departing glory, were themselves invested with it, and only added to the loveliness of a scene they would have veiled. The slanting ray still lingered for a little on the widely undulating surface of the lake below them, whose clear unruffled wave whispered to the bosoms of those who watched it, of a tranquillity, with which at this moment *they* were unacquainted. Here as she leaned on the willing arm of Alphonzo, slowly winding down the descent, Emily suddenly stopped, and gazed steadfastly on the departing sun. "That setting orb," she said, the tears lending to her dark eyes a more than wonted expression, "strangely affects me. I know not what it is; but I feel a something—forgive me Alphonzo, if I cause you uneasiness—but I feel a something, which secretly tells me"—something

she would have added, but the words died away inaudible on her tongue.

Alphonzo was surprised at the seriousness with which she spoke ; but unwilling to acknowledge any participation in her disquietude, he endeavoured playfully to rally her on her assuming the new character of a diviner, and would have allayed her apprehensions with a smile. Finding his irony unsuccessful, however, or rather that it produced an effect directly the opposite of what he expected, he gently chided her fears : " Why, Emily, should you thus look beyond the endeared hope that many mornings and evenings will roll over our heads in peace ? Why create these needless alarms ? We know not, it is true, what God may order, and it becomes us to have our loins girded ; but surely, my dearest Emily, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Thus would he have rebuked her terrors to silence ; but they were not so easily to be repressed.

They had now attained a spot, which, from its position on the angular projection

of the hill, overlooked, at once, the glen and the valley of the Rhone below. Here in a natural excavation of the rock, which descended from the place where they stood, in some parts by a gentle, in others by a precipitous declivity, a seat had been constructed, which commanded a view of the road as it winded on either side, to the right along the lake, and to the left by the shelving banks of the river, to a considerable distance in the direction of the castle. On this, Emily, fatigued with the walk, and otherwise exhausted by the incidents we have noticed, sat down, saying to Alphonzo: "I would wait here until I have so far recovered from the effects of my late agitation, as not to awaken any suspicions in the minds of my parents. We will then go home leisurely together. Your apartment, you know, is always ready: and I hope your conversation will make me forget my melancholy feelings. Our intercourse will also, I trust, be sanctified, by the recollection of past mercies, as it will be sweetened by the anticipation of enjoyments to come." She would have smiled as

she concluded ; but her heart was too full, and the effort was only productive of a tear.

That tear did not escape the observation of Alphonzo ; but wishing to conceal that he already began involuntarily to feel a part in her emotion, after a momentary interval to regain his composure, he replied with an affected gaiety ; “ No, my dearest Emily, to-night you must hold me excused, as I promised the Baron particularly that I would be with him this evening, though possibly a little later than usual. We have still some few arrangements to make, and to give the necessary orders for an embarkment, which has been too long delayed, owing to other occupations, in the rear of the castle, to prevent any injury from the inundation we have for some time hourly expected. The ride is short, and I shall soon reach the chateau ; and as now

“ ——— night’s Regent fills

Her peaceful crescent on these pleasant hills,”

and the skies are without a cloud, you will allow me to assure you that there is no cause for the slightest uneasiness.”

Although Emily's heart misgave her, when she saw him determined, she reluctantly consented. "I shall only want your company, my fair one," he added familiarly, "as I wind along the valley, to complete my happiness."

"Not *my* company, Alphonzo," rejoined Emily with a sigh; "but the society of *Him*, whose loving-kindness is better than life, and in whose presence is fulness of joy."

Alphonzo coloured at the gentle reproof, and was going to reply, but was interrupted by Emily, who said to him, as she put into his hand a little volume she had just drawn from its concealment in her bosom,

"And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a scarf with modest care."

"Though small, Alphonzo, let it be a memorial of Emily's affection." The youth received it in silence, while the starting tear betrayed the inward struggle. He stood, as if bereft of the power of motion, beside her for a moment—then tenderly pressing her hand, he hurried down the declivity with

his wonted agility, and vaulting into his saddle, was soon at a distance.

Emily followed him with her eye, here winding along the river, there rapidly glancing through the trees, and now ascending a rising ground. And when he stopped, and turning, waved his hand, before he entered the wood that shut him from her wistful gaze, with a deep and measured sigh, she bade him an anxious farewell. "Go, and angels guide thee! Farewell, Alphonzo! Thou art deserving, if not of a fonder, of a better heart than mine. Farewell. May He, whose arm is mighty to deliver, accompany thee! May the Saviour, the sinner's friend—be thy everlasting portion ;

"And we shall meet again,
In life or death—farewell till then!"

CHAP. XIII.

"I saw her gentle bosom heave:

It was a passing sigh—

Some thought of sorrow, which would leave

A mark that it was by.

I traced its flight: it rudely rest

A tribute from her mind:

It touched her eye's dark orb, and left

A starting tear behind."

LONG lingering on the spot to which she felt some mysterious attraction, Emily beheld the last ray of daylight disappear, and night draw her sable curtain between her and another day, irrecoverably past. The lake lay calm beneath her. Not an undulation was visible over its blue expanse, save from the solitary oar of the fisherman, returning from his labour to the endearments of his family. As he rowed, the dip echoed with a soft mournfulness among the rocks, and seemed to sympathize with the deep vibrations of Emily's trembling heart. It

ceased—the shallop had reached the shore. Now, all was hushed but the little fountain, which, issuing from beside her, winded its lucid current, one while stealing along the smooth surface of the projecting crag, and again splashing down the abrupt declivity.

The moon was walking in brightness through the heavens, ‘pursuing as from the bosom of eternity her calm and destined way,’ alone, and unattended, save by Him whose arm upheld and directed her through the illimitable void. If a few fleecy clouds veiled her modest beauty for an instant, it was only to impart an additional loveliness to her emerging smile. Already had she surmounted the highest of the hills, which appeared almost to threaten to arrest her progress; and her silvery light played full on all around, at one moment reflected vividly from the fluctuating wave of the Rhone as it rolled its perturbed current along, and again reposing on the tranquil breast of the lake. The stars, less brilliant from her splendour, seemed as if resting on the water, one nook excepted, where the

broad and woody back of the mountain, which stretched over against her on the Savoy shore, threw a shadow on its surface, and rendered darkness visible. There Emily's eye was fixed. It was in unison with her heart—sad, and covered with gloom. No beam brightened it: scarce a hope rose over its dreary solitude.—Now, a mist ascended from the Jura, traced in the distance, here curling over it, there swathing its majestic summit in a sable and chastened robe. It deepened—and night was spread upon the mountain.

Emily at length turned her reluctant and pensive steps from the spot to which she had been riveted, gazing on the sweet solemnity of the scene—(and you would have thought that night had combined its powers on that occasion, to assuage the wounds it could not heal)—heightened as it was by the melancholy shades which her own dejection gave it. She heaved a deep sigh, as if she never might visit it again in peace; and then looking at the spot, where she had last seen Alphonzo, and murmuring

another farewell, she slowly bent her way home, where they were already beginning to be uneasy at her protracted absence.

Although she assumed a smile of cheerfulness, it was evident to the family that her spirits were much depressed. Forbearing enquiry, however, lest it should only have the effect of increasing her agitation, they permitted her to retire, agreeably to her request, rather earlier than customary. With the mysterious presentiment of sorrow which had pursued her through the day, still haunting her mind, it will not be supposed that she could easily give sleep to her eyes, or slumber to her eyelids. If it be true that

“Rest flies the pillow, where affliction weeps,”

it was not at a season like the present, that she could at once yield herself to repose. She found, besides, a sweeter and a better occupation in approaching the mercy-seat. There she had often sought, and thence derived consolation, when those indefinable anxieties, which every one has experienced, were lacerating her wounded spirit. Her

tears had been dried, and the burthen, which oppressed her, alleviated or removed. She had there been enabled to look up, when she had not dared to look around ; for around, all was perplexity—above, all was peace and hope. When nursing a secret passion she dared not to reveal, she there had met a sympathizing friend ; and when that passion was matured, but covered with a mysterious cloud, she could still breathe out her sorrows there.

Nor did she forsake its sanctuary in this time of unknown alarm. It had often proved to her a refuge from the storm, and she was assured it would not fail her now ; and with many tears and prayers did she lay open her heart at its sacred shrine. When holding communion with her Redeemer, all, who were near and dear to her, long had had a peculiar interest in her affections ; and she was not unwilling at the present moment now to acknowledge their claim. Like the patriarch pleading for the devoted cities of the plain, she preferred her suit with humble fervency ; and if her petition, as far as it

was connected with that which of all earthly objects lay closest to her thoughts, was denied, it was doubtless in mercy, though mysteriously displayed.

For many hours had her vows been going up as a memorial before God, when she rose from her knees, and walked still weeping towards the window of her chamber. The night was serene, as when she had withdrawn from her retreat. All was hushed, and silent, but her own poor agitated spirit. Here she stood for a while—"Ah," said she, "nature still sleeps, unconscious of the storms that beat upon this sinking heart. Sleep on, fair image of thy Maker—sleep on, and take thy rest. And thou, too, fair orb," she continued, wistfully gazing on the moon, as it dropped behind the western hill, "bright in thy path, but transient! how quickly, like thee, does joy pass from the habitations of the children of men!" Then, retiring, she threw herself listlessly on the bed, and from absolute exhaustion of her animal frame, sunk into a disturbed slumber. But scarcely had she closed her eyes on the

material world, when new scenes of distress presented themselves to her busy imagination. Now she was turning her last look on Alphonzo as he rode from her. The horse reared suddenly—he was thrown, and lay bleeding and mangled on the road. Again she saw him sailing on the lake—a hurricane came down from the mountains, and his boat was overwhelmed in its violence. She beheld him on the water—she heard his cries—and shrieking “save him, save him,” she awoke. Thus passed the night—a night of sorrow, little anticipated when that morning sun arose. So frail is human expectation! So fragile the hope that would twine itself round the germ, that promises to blow with happiness amidst the deserts of this terrestrial scene!

With the first ray that dawned on her disquietude, she left the house, and repaired to the spot, where she had parted with Alphonzo. As she ascended the hill, she observed with surprise the unusual appearance of the river and the lake. The former had extended itself nearly across the lower

part of the valley, where it had flowed in a comparatively narrow channel; while the latter, instead of its bright transparent blue, was now of a dark muddy colour. Her heart sunk within her, as she beheld it, and a violent tremor shook her frame. For an instant she gazed on it without the power of motion—too soon to be roused from the torpor of anticipation to the reality of suffering. Shrieks now assailed her on every side; and ere she had leisure to call in her scattered thoughts, the villagers were collected, and the neighbouring heights covered with sad spectators:—mothers, who had been bereft of their children—children whose parents had been swept to destruction before their eyes—some, who but yester evening were happy wives, now widowed and desolate—and others, who once were husbands, now bewailing all they had held dearest in life.—The fallen glacier had burst in the night. The waters, whose course it had impeded, having gradually accumulated, until it could no longer resist the pressure, had broken forth with irresistible impetuosity,

overwhelming every thing that came within their reach. In a moment, the strange presentiment of yesterday—her dream—the site of the castle—rushed upon Emily's mind; and with an anxiety which seemed to lend her wings, she hurried back to her father's to communicate her fears.

A messenger was instantly dispatched to the Baron's, with orders to go and return with all possible diligence. The day elapsed, and brought no tidings. Evening was fast closing in, and still no intelligence arrived :—no rumour even to allay the dreadful suspense. All that could be gathered, however, from the surrounding ruin, only tended to corroborate their apprehensions. Numerous dead bodies had been cast on shore, while many were still perceived floating in the lake. Fragments of every description were visible; some lying on the beach; others borne on the current of the water—all melancholy presages of the sad certitude, they wished, yet dreaded, to learn. At length, when the bell from the distant spire, with a toll doubly solemn, as if in sympathy with

the desolation around, had just ceased to proclaim the hours of night begun, and agitation was at its height, the servant was seen ascending towards the house ; but before he could deliver his message, exhausted with fatigue of body and mind, he dropped insensible to the ground. As he fell, however, they fancied they heard some indistinct sounds upon his lips, like “ Alphonzo perished.”

Another morning had already risen on the horrors of the scene, before he was able to relate the particulars. He had set out and galloped with all speed, but had not proceeded far, when he found the road in some places so torn up, and in others so deep under water, that he was obliged to abandon his horse, and make the best of his way by the intricate and arduous route of the mountains. After encountering many unforeseen difficulties, he finally reached the castle about mid-day, and was soon but too mournfully recompensed for his toils. As he entered the outer court he observed a crowd collected. He stopped—his attention was

arrested by a voice of mingled agony and despair, issuing from the midst of it : "O my son Alphonzo, my dear, my only son ! Would God I had died for thee, O Alphonzo, my son, my son !" — It was the unhappy de Mertenburg, bewailing his blighted hopes !

When the grief of the family had so far subsided, as to permit them to detail the circumstances of the lamentable event, he learned that Alphonzo had returned to the castle about ten o'clock on the preceding night, and had immediately withdrawn to his apartment. Here he had remained for several hours, when one of the domestics, who was in the habit of receiving his commands, thinking he was later than usual, and afraid some accident might have happened to him, going unexpectedly into the room, found him on his knees with a little volume open before him. From this time, although they could not speak with certainty, they supposed he had been engaged in reading and prayer, until a sudden and general alarm arose from a strange noise, which seemed to be approaching them from the higher parts

of the valley. Eager to ascertain the cause of so unusual a sound, Alphonzo hurried to the door, and was descending the steps leading from the drawbridge, when the torrent burst in, and he was instantly overwhelmed.* As he sunk, he was heard to cry: "O Emily!" and a moment after, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"—then all was silent, but the rush of the waters.

Though the night was clear, such was the tremendous impetuosity of the stream, that there was no possibility of rendering him the least assistance; and it was with the utmost difficulty, that the servant, who was nearest to him at the awful crisis, was rescued from a similar fate. The wretched father, who had retired to rest soon after Alphonzo's return, awoke by the dying shriek, flew in a state of distraction to plunge into the abyss; and it was only by violence, that he was prevented from perishing with his son.

Next morning when the flood had abated, after a long and painful search, they discovered the body of their young lord, lying

* See note u.

at the bottom of the moat, covered with the stones and sand which had been brought down by the current. In his hand he still held a little book, with his finger between the leaves, whose contents, it was conjectured, he had been perusing when the alarm was excited. On opening it, it proved to be a testament: and a mark was observed underneath the passage, where it is said of Mary, that she sat at the feet of Jesus, and heard his word—in tender allusion, as it was believed, to another, who, like her, was meek and lowly of heart. On a waste page at the commencement, was written, apparently by a female pen: ‘Emily to Alphonzo.’

Emily listened to the melancholy, but interesting recital, with the deepest attention; nor did she betray the least symptom of emotion, except once by an involuntary shudder, and a tear, that dropped unconsciously at the mention of his expiring tenderness, until the tale was concluded. She then enquired, with a calmness dignified indeed, but which seemed only the harbinger of the storm, like the stillness that broods

over nature when the elements are gathering their strength for a destructive explosion, if the servant was sure he had seen him on his knees ; if he had caught his last words distinctly, as he sunk ; if the lifeless visage still retained in death the smile that used to animate it ?—“ And where do they intend to lay him ? for it will be sweet to me to go in the twilight-gloom, and sit beside his grave, and scatter it with flowers, and watch his rest. Yes, dear Alphonzo ! And I will weep, and pray. I will weep for thine absence : yet try to be resigned. And I will pray, that thy God may be my God and thy Saviour mine !”

But, if these were ‘ the billows and the deep waters,’ Emily was not unprepared to recognize therein the Divine appointment. Many of their ‘ waves had gone over her ;’ but there was a hand, able and willing to sustain her. If, while all was in uncertainty, there appeared a wildness in her air, which indicated a degree of mental alienation, yet when the agonizing suspense was at an end, and she knew the worst, it was manifest that

she had been a learner in the school of Him, who was pre-eminently 'a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.' Accustomed, habitually, to examine every circumstance of her life with the humility, which becomes 'the creature of an hour,' she could now behold her fondest hopes laid in the tomb of Alphonzo, and acknowledge the author of the bitter dispensation.

"She bowed her head in quietness: she knew
Her blighted prospects could revive no more:
Yet was she calm, for she had heaven in view!"

"There was perhaps," she would sometimes say, "only one, who, under the heavy rod of a Father, could yield a perfect submission; but I will endeavour, through his assistance, meekly to acquiesce, for I am assured He doeth all things well." Then she would pray: "Lord, not as I will, but as Thou wilt!" She had 'received good:' and if He saw fit that she should now go mourning, she was aware it was equally from the counsels of his 'everlasting love.' If unable occasionally to restrain the tear, she yet trusted it would not be disowned of

Him, who 'in the days of his flesh' had not thought it unbecoming his exalted character, to weep beside the grave of a departed friend: and she felt an humble confidence, that he would kindly compassionate the distress of a heart, which, while it 'endured chastening,' might occasionally feel an almost involuntary disposition to murmur, and arraign the justice of its burthen so heavy to be borne, yet amidst all its anguish 'struggling to be still.'

But, though Emily was thus wonderfully supported, and though the fortitude with which she sustained the trial, and the sweet serenity of her countenance, afforded a hope to her sympathizing family, that after a season she would recover from the dreadful shock, the issue meanwhile was among those 'secret things,' which belong unto the Lord, and are alone unveiled to the Divine prescience. That 'it is not good for man to be alone,' was the declaration of Him, who 'knows our frame, and remembers we are dust'—a declaration made with respect to our great progenitor, even when as yet he

stood the unspotted image of his Creator in this lower world, untainted by sin, and consequently enjoying the full communion of His love, from whose hand he came. How much more, then, now that he is fallen, and afar removed from the happiness he possessed in uninterrupted intercourse with his Maker, does man require the solace and support, which are alone to be derived from the fellowship of hallowed affection ! Constituted as he is, how often will he feel himself ready to faint under the ills of life ! how often stand in need of some cordial for his drooping spirits — a cordial, only perhaps to be found in the interchange of mutual tenderness !

Marriage, therefore, and with reverence be it spoken, would seem in loving-kindness ordained for man, as some alleviation of the varied sorrows attendant on his state below. The highest authority has pronounced it ‘honourable in all ;’ and it was at a nuptial feast, which he sanctioned by his presence, that our divine Redeemer first publicly displayed his power over the

elements of nature, and asserted his claim by miracle to the character of Messiah, amiably condescending to minister to the poverty of his hosts. Under the guidance of religion, and controuled and directed by its sacred influence, that affection, which subsists in hearts assimilated by grace, and bound together by mutual fondness, as it is the original, so it becomes the cement of the sweetest ties, which can unite rational creatures. It strews the path of duty with the freshest and most fragrant flowers, while the evils incident to our present existence are mitigated, and often removed by the consolations it affords. But if, indeed, the affections have been misplaced, or if the endearing prospect of happiness has been mysteriously blighted by heaven, and nature is summoned to the trial of hopelessness on the one side, or unrequited tenderness on the other, the feeling of anguish will oftentimes, in a pious breast, be gradually absorbed in a higher and more exalted love; and earthly disappointment is thus made in some degree the conduit, by which

the mind is more immediately led to the peaceful resting place of heavenly expectation, and to the attainment of a tranquillity which all the troubles of a world of sin and sorrow can neither destroy nor injure. The ordeal, it is true, which, under such circumstances, the sufferer is called to undergo, may be attended with a poignancy too bitter for humanity to bear, and life itself may sink beneath the weight of accumulated affliction; yet the spirit, with her wings already plumed for brighter scenes, will gladly turn herself to the source from whence she emanated, and find, in the enjoyment of her God and Saviour, that peace which He so dearly purchased for her—a peace, infinitely beyond all that the most hallowed and most favoured of human attachments can bestow.

Several months elapsed, and the late awful event was beginning to be obliterated from the recollection of many, or to be regarded as one of those occurrences, which, as they cannot be remedied, it is better to

consign to-oblivion ; and it was hoped that, with others, Emily would insensibly feel her bereavement softening in the lapse of time, and that, like the lake beside her, when long lashed by the storms of the mountains, her mind would at length be wearied into rest. Her occupations were not very dissimilar to those which had previously employed her years. Lovely as was her demeanour, and exemplary as she had been in every department of private and social duty, she now only appeared to be becoming less interested in the world, and more detached from its pursuits, as if desirous of setting all her affections on things above ; or if she visited that world, you might have supposed it only with such a feeling, as actuates angels for their charge.

Her leisure hours were now more uniformly devoted to retirement and meditation ; while her communion with heaven seemed daily to grow more sweet. Yet her piety was active ; and she by no means allowed, what we may term, the selfishness of religion so to engross her, as to withdraw her atten-

tion from those she looked upon as committed to her care. Considering herself the mother of a numerous family, she was continually devising something to promote their present comfort, or their future welfare. Her visits to the abodes of the mourners, now herself the chief, were sources of sacred delight. ‘By the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better;’ and she derived, from a participation in the sorrows of others, a temporary alleviation of her own.

The arbour, in which she had had the last affecting interview with Alphonzo, was henceforward more generally her resort. Here she was observed, at intervals, gazing on his picture, dear from its resemblance to the original, but dearer still, as having been placed on her bosom by his own hand: here, too, she was often overheard singing his favourite hymn: here, at times, she was found in prayer; and here she was frequently seen to weep. With the little volume of *La Roche*, now studied with renewed diligence and pleasure, as the companion of her solitude, she had all the consolation she

could receive on this side the grave. There she ‘drew water with joy out of the wells of salvation;’ and there she met a solace for every disquietude, and a balm for every woe. Beneath the shade of the trees that encircled the remains of her venerable friend, she would often retire at evening; and when an unexpected foot approached, she would start as if awakened from some dream of happiness that had vanished for ever, while the unbidden tear, that slowly wandered down her pale cheek, revealed some secret, which her lips would not disclose. She loved, too, to visit the woods and glens, where she had strayed with one now no more—

— “Wild as the mountain-bee,
And culled a sweet from every flower, that wooed
Onward, or devious, her erratic steps,
Breathing in fragrance by her verdant path,
And, smiling welcome as she passed, embalmed
And beautified the noiseless solitude,
Through which she winded her unheeded way.”

Yet, although perceptible only to the view of Omniscience, her sorrows were silently preying upon her life. The wound was hidden, and the hand invisible that inflicted

it ; but it was mortal—it reached her heart. She had lost the object of her fondest affection. By a stroke appalling, as unexpected, she had been bereft in one overwhelming moment of ‘the desire of her eyes,’ and the centre of her dearest thoughts and unceasing solitudes. In the inimitable language of the prophet : ‘She was a virgin, girded with sackcloth for the betrothed of her youth.’ Her harp hung neglected on the willow : or if she occasionally strung it to some song of Zion, it was one whose mournful cadences peculiarly sympathized with her pain. As a destruction from the Almighty that day had come ; and, buried beneath its mysterious desolation, lay all her earthly hopes. ‘Her vine was wasted : her fig-tree was barked ; and her joy had for ever withered away.’ She bowed, indeed, or at least desired to do so, with unfeigned submission to the will of heaven ; but it was more than her gentle frame could bear, and nature gradually sunk under the weight.

From this period her health insensibly declined. In vain was every assistance

sought, every remedy applied. A physician able to raise her up, it is true, there was—he who of yore had compassion on the widow, weeping over an only son—but his aid was now mysteriously withheld. Though she did not complain, nor was conscious, for a considerable time, of any positive ailment, her appetite forsook her, her nights became wakeful, and her strength diminished. Her eye still denoted the serenity of her mind, but it imperceptibly exchanged its natural vivacity for a sickly translucent brightness, accompanied by that look of chastened melancholy, which arises from hopeless, but resigned grief; while

“Upon her cheek, the rose so fair,
So vivid once, grew pale :
The lily, too, that faded there,
Told a presaging tale.”

But a few months had intervened, when her increasing debility, attended with a feverish restlessness, and that alternation of suffering and ease, which forebodes consumption, too mournfully indicated the approaching crisis. Soon, it was apparent to all,

that her days were numbered, and that the hour of her departure was at hand. So true it is, 'that in the midst of life we are in death.' 'As a leaf we do fade.' Our life is, indeed, as a vapour seen for an instant, then vanishing away. The decree had gone forth: neither tears nor prayers could avert its fatal efficacy; and the place of Emily, like the vine assailed by the tempest, and falling with the elm to which it clung,* was ere long to know her no more.

* Come olmo, a cui la pampinosa pianta
Cupida s' avviticchi, e si marite,
Se ferro il tronca, o turbine lo schianta,
Trae seco a terra la compagna vite.

LA GERUSALEMME LIBERATA—*Canto xx.*

C H A P. XIV.

" Oft had I placed the simple wreath
Upon her virgin-breast ;
But, now, such flowers, as formed it, breathe
Around her bed of rest."

HAPPY in themselves, and blest beyond the lot of thousands, this favoured family might have ceased to remember, that it is ' through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God,' or have forgotten,

" Awhile permitted o'er these wastes to roam,
That here is not our everlasting home,"

had not He, ' who called them to his eternal glory,' in mercy visited them with affliction.

Thus is it, that our great Forerunner, while he summons us to the conflict, trains us to the heavenly warfare. ' Made perfect himself through sufferings,' he exercises his children with similar trials, at once to renew their confidence, confirm their faith, accus-

tom them to dependance, wean them from the vanities of an unsatisfying world, and fit them for his undefiled repose. As the captain of their salvation, he is pledged to lead them on. Yet, while he assures them, that neither death nor life shall separate them from his love, he oftentimes sees good that they should 'go forth with weeping, bearing their precious seed, that sowing in tears they may reap in joy.' Thus are they brought more immediately to Him as the only source of consolation, and are gradually taught that flesh must not be their arm. Their fears are dispelled, their hopes are brightened, and they begin to look forward with longing desires to those mansions of uninterrupted, and unalloyed felicity, which he is gone before to prepare for them—where sin shall not enter—where the storms of time shall be heard no longer—and where the waves of trouble shall for ever cease to roll.

Emily's illness now assumed, daily, a more alarming character. The unfavourable symptoms, which had disappeared for a little, returned with augmented violence, and she

was soon pronounced in a decline. Many months passed tediously away in efforts to mitigate her sufferings, or, if it were permitted, to arrest the progress of her disorder; but notwithstanding every assistance, which the most tender assiduity could afford, it was evident that they had only conducted her nearer to the grave. Persuaded from the commencement of her sickness, that it would be 'unto death,' she had made it a particular request that she might not be deceived as to her real situation. "The last enemy," she said, "must assail us soon or late; and I trust I shall be enabled to hail his approach with joy. Some seem anxious to banish the thought of dissolution; but *my* hopes beyond are too sweet to permit me to forget that I must die. To the christian, death is but the door that opens to the regions of eternal happiness; and why then should I be afraid to approach it?" Her danger had now become imminent, and it was considered a proper moment for complying with her desire. She listened to the awful disclosure with the most unruffled

serenity, and gently chided those, who could not restrain the tribute of affectionate regret beside her, saying, with a smile that irradiated her pale and emaciated cheek : “ Now I am indeed drawing near the long-wished-for goal. Do not weep for me, my dear mother, and beloved friends. My afflictions will soon have an end. Oh, do not, do not weep for me ! ”

Although doomed to contend with an exquisite sensibility, the frequent accompaniment of a delicate frame, captivating to the beholder, but too often injurious in possession, Emily enjoyed a tranquillity which outward evils could not invade. Her humble, but undivided and undoubting affiance in a reconciled God, and the natural sweetness of her disposition, chastened and nourished by the influences of his Spirit, had indeed long breathed a calm and resigned contentment over her path ; and manifold as were the trials she was now called to undergo, they could not disturb the settled composure of her mind. The refuge she *had fled to*, she found, amidst accumulating

sufferings, to be 'a sure and steadfast anchor to her soul;' and like the bark, sheltered in some friendly haven from the warring waves and winds, she heard the storms roll around her, but they were unable to break the quietude in which she dwelt.

It was now the beginning of Autumn. The heats of summer had imperceptibly subsided into the pleasant glow of September suns, and the air, cooled by the dews of morning and evening, had resumed its wonted elasticity. Nature seemed for a moment to be returning to a second spring, and you would have fancied it was willing to invite the lovely invalid once more to health and vigour, and to a participation in her former employments, and in the unsullied pleasures she had so often derived from communion with the scenes which surrounded her—scenes, which had so frequently charmed every sorrow from her bosom.

In the hope that the fresh breezes might renovate her exhausted frame, she was occasionally taken on the water; and as the weather was particularly favourable, she

often appeared, while wafted along, to enjoy a temporary respite from the weakness and pain, which were gradually bringing her down to the chambers of death. In patience, indeed, she possessed her soul, ever grateful for the attentions of friendship, and with heartfelt humility acknowledging herself unworthy of the least of the many mercies, which alleviated the sufferings of her declining days.

At this season, the lake of Geneva, always attractive, is beautiful in the extreme. If

“The wintry blast—the billowy main—
The drenching showers—the deluged plain—
The drifting snows—the icy air—
The hand Omnipotent declare:”

yet, amid these enchanting scenes, and in the fall of the year more especially,

“The moveless calm—the balmy breeze—
The waving fields—the fruitful trees—
The cloudless heaven—the genial day—
The hand Beneficent display.”

The foliage that covers the sides, and crowns the summits of the hills that en-

viron it, exchanging a mantle of green for one of a brighter, but more mournfully-interesting colour*—the pendant woods, given back to the eye in the clear mirror below, with the songs of their feathered inhabitants, now borne less frequent, and with a note more melancholy, to the ear—the flocks browsing on the steep, and the shrill call of the shepherd-boy, reverberating anon in long echoes among the surrounding rocks—the cottage embosomed by the trees, and peeping through some opening midway up the hill—to a busy imagination an abode, where early innocency might dwell, removed from the snares and temptations, the din and bustle, of an evil and a jarring world—the gently-breathing gale, scented with the delicate odours of autumnal flowers, blended with the rich aroma of the wild thyme from the upland pastures—the deep hue that overhangs the mountains of the distance—the unruffled placidity of the blue pellucid

* This description refers more particularly to the upper parts of the lake.

wave—the vineyards that clothe its banks, now ripening fast for the wine-press, with the cornfields slowly waving their yellowing harvest in the wind—the majesty of the neighbouring heights—the solemn stillness, as if you stood alone in the midst of creation, that reigns around—combine to impart to this delightful spot a character, almost more than earthly.

“Oh! ’tis a scene that might convey
The tranced spirit quite away,
Or steal the thoughts, or bid them roll
More heavenly through th’ absorbed soul :
A scene it is, well-pleased the while,
An angel might behold and smile.”

Nor could its attractions pass unnoticed before the tutored view of Emily. She had long held sweet and intimate communion with her unseen Parent through ‘the works of his hands,’ and she could not, even now, be indifferent to the beauties which invited her attention, though her eye was fading, and so soon to close for ever on terrestrial objects. She felt a sacred and refined pleasure in looking on what had so frequently afforded

her grateful subject of meditation in days of health. To her indeed they were altered; but it was only as bearing in them less of earth, and more of heaven. As she approached the confines of immortality, every thing that came from God seemed to have more of the Divine image in it, and drew her nearer and closer to Him from whom it emanated. She surveyed, in all, some proof of His power to save—some testimony of the love that had redeemed her. “Thou art my deliverer,” she would exclaim at times with indescribable animation; “my rock, and my fortress: in Thee will I trust—yea, I will trust and not be afraid; for, though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me.”

On one occasion, after having enumerated with lively emotion, many of the unmerited kindnesses which had followed her, she said; “I have been doubtful at intervals, whether I was in the body or out of it, so much has my mind risen above the material world. How often have I here had swe

visitations from on high ! While gliding over these serene waters, I have thought myself, as it were, borne away on the wings of those amiable spirits, who minister for the heirs of salvation, and just on the threshold of the heavenly places. Death had lost his sting, and the grave was bereft of its victory. How tenderly does the Redeemer watch over his flock !—He will feed them,” she continued with a peculiar emphasis, and the tear of gratitude started while she spoke : “He will feed them in good pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be.” After a pause, she added, with a look of ineffable tranquillity ; “O when shall I cease to be a stranger here, and be at home with God !” Then, as if checking herself, she repeated two verses of a hymn, which, with a trivial variation, may be rendered in the language of one of our own singers in Israel :

“But hush, my soul, nor dare repine ;
The time my God appoints is best :
While here, to do His will, be mine—
And His, to fix my hour of rest !”

At another period she remarked : “The

breeze, that now cools the fever of my temples, reminds me of those gracious influences which refresh and exhilarate the dejected traveller, as he journeys towards his eternal home. Without them, indeed, he would often faint, and be weary, and be tempted to cry out; 'Surely my judgment is passed over from my God!' But he has a promise, inviolably kept, that 'as his day is, so shall his strength be.'"

If she revived for a little, however, it was only that she might be more quickly consumed in the sequel by the insidious foe that preyed upon her vitals. Like the auspicious sun of morning enveloped, ere it had reached its noon, in the clouds and darkness of a sudden storm, the expectations of her friends drooped and withered before they had opportunity to expand. Yet, whatever might have been the fond anticipations of those who loved her, arising possibly from their wishes rather than from any real ground of hope, for what we desire we are prone to believe, the lovely sufferer herself never looked for any other than a

fatal termination to her disorder. "If I am recovering," she would say with an expressive smile, "it is only for an instant, before I go hence and am no more seen." Composed under every aspect of her malady, the meek serenity of her countenance invariably exhibited the calm resignation of a heart, whose language was: 'Let Patience have her perfect work.'

One evening, while sitting alone with her mother in the retreat which she had frequented in other days, and to which she had now been taken by her particular request, willing probably to bid it a final farewell, she appeared anxious to recur to a subject of deep but painful interest. Since that melancholy occurrence, which had blighted her dearest prospects, and fallen with a deadly chill upon her breast, she had seldom mentioned any of the circumstances connected with it, or named him whom she had so tenderly loved; and in kind consideration for her grief, her sympathizing friends had cautiously avoided every allusion, which could awaken distressing recollections. Yet,

Alphonzo was often, more than often, present to her thoughts : and she had once observed, that she felt a mournful pleasure in picturing to her imagination the scenes of that disastrous night.

Penetrating her desire, her mother relieved her by remarking, that it had been to them all, cause of the most unfeigned gratitude, that she had been enabled to support her afflictions with such resigned acquiescence in the Divine appointment. "Yes," she replied, "so it has been also to myself. That awful event, which has made me sorrow, though not as others who have no hope, was one, for which, doubtless, I shall bless my heavenly Father through eternity. It did, indeed, at the moment seem ordered by a most mysterious Providence ; and I am afraid, and would wish to lie low on account of it before God, that my heart murmured and rebelled. But I have since"—here she threw her arms about her mother's neck, while they mutually wept—"I have since, my dearest mother, been under a tuition where I have learned not to repine. Did

not my Redeemer suffer the contradiction of sinners? Did he not endure the cross, despising the shame?—All for me! And shall I refuse to visit the shades of adversity with him, and to bear a part in his temptations? Oh no! willingly would I go with him, if he would strengthen me for the conflict; to severer trials even than these. My prayers for Alphonzo were answered, although not precisely as a poor short-sighted creature might have considered best, nor perhaps agreeably to the suggestions of this too devoted—this lacerated heart. But dear youth”—overpowered by her emotion she now sobbed aloud, and was for some minutes unable to proceed—“Yes, dearest Alphonzo, my supplications on thy behalf were answered. I prayed that thou mightest be happy—happy, as I fondly deemed, in the unworthy partner of thy choice—and soon thou wast happy beyond all my hopes. Oh, it would indeed have been dear to me, to have walked in thy company a little longer—a little longer to have taken sweet counsel with thee through the journey of life! But

why should I have kept thee from the full enjoyment of blessedness, that I might travel less wearily through the vale of tears? No, Oh no! I would not have detained thee for a thousand worlds. Nor would I, if a wish could do it, bring thee back again from thy heavenly rest. No, Alphonzo; safely landed on that shore where the billows of affliction cease to swell, I shall go to thee; but thou wilt not, nor would I that thou shouldst, return to me!"

Apprehensive that her agitation might be productive of some serious consequences, her mother now proposed that they should move homeward. She assented, and supported by her parent's arm, slowly approached the entrance of the harbour. The sun at the instant was dropping behind the distant mountain. Emily watched it awhile. It sunk—"My sun too is going down"—"to rise," added her mother, "in a happier world." Without appearing to have noticed the observation, as if absorbed in her own thoughts, she continued: "Fair orb, I have

4

seen thee set with"—Alphonzo she would have added, but his name expired in a broken whisper on her lips.

The lake still glowed with the effulgence of the departed sun, reflected from the clouds that had collected on the Jura, as if anxious to retard his flight. It seemed a sheet of burnished gold, gently undulating in the western breeze. Her eye still hung fixed upon the scene. The landscape and its beauties were slowly retiring from her view. Still she gazed, until the lake had lost its brightness, and the distant clouds alone could have told you that day had ever been. She then repeated, and a tear dropped upon her hand as she proceeded, from time to time, some verses, of which the following may be considered, however dissimilar in other respects, a tolerably faithful translation. They were found in her portfolio after her death, and recognized by her afflicted parent as those which she had heard on the last evening she had visited the woodland retreat with her dying child.

I.

Soon shall that sun a last enlivening ray
Pour on the curtains of these darkening eyes :
Nor more in loveliness to bless my way
The fitful radiance of that wave shall rise !

II.

Once it was dear to trace thee through the west,
Fair orb of light ! when other gaze than mine
Beheld thee linger on the mountain's crest,
And dye these waters with thy crimson shine.

III.

But ah, 'tis gone ! the soothing vision's fled,
Nor I may rest beneath its shade, and mourn :
Joy, too, is withered : Hope's last smile is dead,
Like some poor flowret by the tempest torn.

IV.

Nor long I tarry ! By the hand of Grief,
The hapless victim of my virgin-vow,
Rent from the stem, I fall like yonder leaf,
Faded, and dropping from its parent-bough.

V.

But yet awhile, and these glad eyes shall see,
O'er Death's dark night, a morn effulgent gleam :
And He shall come with glory, who for me,
Mysterious ransom ! bade his life-blood stream.

VI.

And now, my soul, withdraw from earthly care,
 To hold high converse with the world above:
 Unfading happiness breathes sweetly there—
 The hazy blossom of redeeming love.

VII.

And ye, dear scenes, adieu! My thoughts would stray,
 Did I permit them on your charms to dwell;
 But hark! some angel rests upon his way,
 And sings of heaven—and I must go—farewell!

VIII.

Once, then, again, farewell! Your soothing voice
 Oft-times in gentleness hath reached my heart,
 And, kindly susative, wooed it to rejoice:—
 But, now, for ever be it hushed—we part!

She ceased—but her eye remained immoveable. It was turned towards the valley, and dwelt fixed on the spot where Alphonzo had stopped and waved his hand, as it proved, in final farewell. The wood, which he was then about to enter, still wore a mantle as brilliant and varied, as when he whom she mourned passed through its shades. Then it was tinged by autumn,

and the year at the present moment was also in its decline. But, twice twelve months had in the interval been numbered over the trees that formed it, and the flowers that embalmed its recesses with their sweets. For Emily, indeed, they had long since lost their charms, save when she gazed on them, and felt it dear to think, that while she hung over their drooping loveliness, for her also, as for them, a spring would ere long return. But how infinitely more favoured was she than they? True, to use her own expression—

They had no crimes to stain their natal clay,
They had no soul to dread a judgment day ;

but, if she had violated the law of her God, and carried a vital principle in her bosom which was to be arraigned at his bar, she yet could raise her eyes beyond the garments of her pollution, and anticipate her appearance at the Divine tribunal with unruffled serenity, and unwavering hope. For her a spring—but a spring of immortality—would return. Destined she was to see

corruption, and visit the dreary mansions of the grave; but,

She had a ray to light her through its gloom,
And she a spirit to survive the tomb.

Once again she threw her eye on all around; but there was a meaning in her look, which said—"we part, to meet no more."—In a last look, as it has been elegantly remarked, there is something affecting, on whatever object it is cast. For the last of every thing reminds us of the last of life, the last day we shall spend on earth—the last look we shall fix upon terrestrial scenes—when we must turn from the beloved objects, whose society and sympathy have sweetened our cup of woe, and filled our span of time, to the loneliness of death, and the realities of eternity.—All this, and more, there was a voice which whispered in that look of Emily. But, if there was an anguish unutterable, there was also a 'joy unspeakable,' which soothed and mitigated the poignancy of her grief. Her sorrow was transient. If it was deep as the overflowing

waters, like them also it quickly passed away, and soon left, as before, a clear unruffled stream behind. The scene she gazed on, doubtless, was lovely, and had been interwoven with every thought of earthly felicity she had formed or entertained: but, if it was fair, it was evanescent; and there was one beyond, infinitely more attractive, whose beauties would never fade. Thither she was travelling; and she was well aware her journey drew near its close.—Once more she looked on all around. But, now, her countenance had brightened—and saying to her mother: “Let us go!” she turned from it, for ever, with a smile.

When they reached the house, the glooms of twilight were already thickening about them. The clouds in the distance grew darker and lowering, and Nature seemed as conscious that an eye, which could relish her beauties, had taken a last view of the fairest of her scenes. But, though the storm gathered over her, Emily was unusually calm. Hope even you would have thought revisited her for a moment; and

the bright hectic of her cheek bore for an instant the semblance of that glow of health and happiness which had so often tinged it, when she returned at evening from her works of mercy, or from the heavenly meditations which had occupied and refreshed her in the seclusion of her favourite shades. A composing draught, distilled by a mother's hand from the simples and thousand wild flowers which covered the hills and valleys, was administered to her, and she retired to rest, and sunk into a deep sleep, more quiet than any she had enjoyed since the night preceding that which had withered her too fondly cherished hopes. But, if she awoke, it was to resignation and peace—the flush of health had fled from her cheek for ever.

From this time she rapidly declined ; and the increasing symptoms of decay, now only aggravated by each revolving hour, told her affectionate family that they would, at no very distant period, be separated from this object of their tender but unavailing solicitude.

But, if the arrival of that season which was to call her hence, was to them a subject of the most mournful anticipation, it was one which excited in her bosom only emotions of gratitude and joy. Not, that Emily could not weep with them that wept. No: she had a heart deeply susceptible, and tremblingly alive to the griefs of those around her; but the 'hope, full of immortality,' absorbed every lower consideration. In the near prospect of the eternal state, she could cry with much of the sincerity, though not perhaps with all the exultation of the apostle—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "For me," she said one morning, on awaking as if from a dream, "the king of terrors has been disarmed, and the bitterness of death is past. The garment of salvation, with which my gracious Redeemer has clothed me, has covered all my pollution, and his cleansing blood has washed out all my sin."—To her therefore, the moment of dissolution was only that, in which she was destined to bid a long and last adieu to

transgression and pain ; and she could survey it with an eye brightened by the sweet assurance, that, when she had reached the term of her earthly pilgrimage, she would be received into an everlasting habitation in that kingdom, ‘ wherein dwelleth righteousness and peace.’

With a mind thus calmly stayed on God, it will not be surprising if we find her, as it were, overstepping the interval that separated her from his promised rest. Whatever she might be called to endure, she was conscious it could be but for a moment, and was not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. Yet amidst all her sufferings, and they were occasionally extreme, her equanimity never forsook her. The same patience, the same un murmuring submission, which had so eminently adorned her initiation in distress, were still strikingly characteristic of her deportment as she approached the limit of her trials. “ Is it not written,” she once exclaimed as the day was closing on her with peculiar solemnity, ‘ that he shall sit as a refiner and purifier

of silver? Ah! he has indeed chosen *me* in the furnace of affliction. Yet, ‘Lord, not as I will, but as thou wilt!’” If the frailty of nature, however, might induce her in the morning to wish for the evening, or at evening to wish for the morning, the everlasting arms were underneath her; and the spirit only appeared to rise brighter from every shock its earthly dwelling received. Flesh and blood might desire an easy, as well as an abundant, entrance into the eternal kingdom; and viewing the Divine procedure through the dark glass of our circumscribed understandings, we might wonder it was not so, and be tempted to cry—“Why is it thus?” But, if it be the Lord, he will ‘do what seemeth him good!’ For us it is, to bow the head in silence, and adore. An hour is hastening, and will ere long arrive, when we shall behold the mystery of providence, and the yet more wondrous mystery of grace, alike unfolded in all their parts. Then, doubtless, if not till then, shall we clearly comprehend the causes, which, inexplicable to mortality, now elude

our research, and confess with grateful admiration, that the Judge of all the earth did indeed do right.

The affections of the lovely sufferer were now fixed undividedly on the things invisible. Her treasure was above, and there her heart was also. That heavenly country whither she was travelling, and which she hoped shortly to reach, occupied all her thoughts. She could look into eternity not only without alarm, but with serenity and peace; for there she beheld her advocate with God, and an unfading inheritance awaiting her, as the bestowal of his love. Time and all its concerns were fast receding from her view. They had indeed long ceased to interest her, and she could now bid them adieu without regret. From communion with her Redeemer, she had derived these durable enjoyments, while the scenes with which, as a pilgrim, she was still necessarily conversant, only afforded gratifications that could not satisfy, and pleasures at whose root there was a worm. Here she had found, by severe experience, that the sweetest rose

was still embittered by its thorn ; and she was glad she could now anticipate an early removal to a habitation—a house not made with hands—where there would be no more aught that could molest or deceive.

A few days previous to that on which she put off the body, while her mother was sitting beside her, during an interval of ease, she thus for the last time introduced the subject, which had so long lain near her heart : “ Though sudden death is to be deprecated, yet come when it will, or under whatever form, to the believer death is the messenger of love. Let the spirit have quitted its mortal abode, and all is well for ever. But even a Christian may be off his guard ; nor should we forget those who remain behind. Had it not pleased God to permit the servant who was nearest to Alphonzo on that awful night, to catch those words which have been so sweet a balm to my bleeding wounds, I might have gone mourning to my grave. I have ever since regarded it as the interposition of peculiar

mercy on my behalf." Here she paused to wipe her wetted cheek. After a little she continued: "Alphonzo, thy remembrance is still dear to me! could you see me now, you would with difficulty recognize your poor Emily in this emaciated form. But that is of little moment, mother," she added with a smile, that turned to a tear as she spoke,—“when next we meet, we shall be clothed with immortal youth. ‘He will beautify the meek with salvation.’ May Alphonzo and I thus be beautified, and we shall not regret the absence of these poor fleshly adornments.” She then requested that she might be buried beside him: “For in life we were not divided, and let us not be disjoined in death. Let us sleep side by side:—then, when the last trumpet sounds, we shall hail together our release from the bondage of corruption, and arise together to be for ever with the Lord.”

At length dawned that sun, which was to decline on her inanimate and pallid corse. She had had her allotted portion of trial, and her sorrows and sufferings were now

alike hastening to an everlasting close.— The night had passed in convulsions which for a season deprived her of speech; but her dying eyes, uplifted and fixed, as it seemed, on invisible realities, sufficiently indicated the feelings of her heart. She had, however, yet to endure one short scene of temptation. It was the hour of darkness, and the last malicious effort of its power; but the accuser was not long permitted to rejoice over his expected prey. Though groaning under the weight of a frame so exhausted, that it was oftentimes subject of astonishment to the beholders, that life could retain its seat in so worn-out a tenement, her faith and hope, with the exception of a transient interval, had been firm in God, reconciled to her in the death of his Son; and she had frequently been enabled, in the exercise of these heavenly gifts, to contemplate her approaching dissolution with a delight, to use her own expression, no tongue could describe. Frequently, when she observed her friends melted to tears of sympathy beside her, the only condolence their distress

would allow them to testify—for there is a sorrow too big for utterance—she would say to them: “Do not weep for me. My afflictions are light, and but for a moment—the prelude and earnest of eternal felicity. Dry your tears, my beloved friends; and do not add to what I already feel, the pain of seeing you mourning, as if you were going to lose me for ever. Yet a little while, and we shall meet again, to separate no more.”

With a mind thus supported, she now drew near the term of her short but bright career. Her family stood collected round her bed, expecting, in mournful suspense, the struggle which was to deprive them of one, whose voice had often animated them on the way, as her example had led them forward to fairer worlds. Suddenly, she recovered the power of articulation:—it was noon, the usual season of her retirement. Aware that, ere the evening sacrifice could be offered, she would be in mansions where the voice of praise alone would be heard, she now requested them to unite with her in one more solemn dedication of

herself and them to God. This done, in a manner so impressive and affecting as to draw téars from all, while many sobbed aloud, she closed her eyes, and seemed to sink into a quiet sleep. Not many minutes had elapsed, however, when they perceived signs of uneasiness in her countenance. Soon her lips quivered, and her whole frame became agitated almost to convulsion. The tears started, and ran in quick succession down her cheeks. She tried to speak, but her words dropped broken and unintelligible. —It was the final effort of the accuser to obscure the glorious prospects of a departing saint. “My God”—after a pause, she cried—“why hast thou forsaken me? Wilt thou then, leave me to perish? Wilt thou not guide me through the valley of the shadow of death?” Stretching out her hand, as if seeking some one to help her—“Is there no hand to lead me, no right hand to uphold me?”

At this instant the venerable pastor entered, who had so long and so tenderly borne her on his heart. Recognizing the well-

known step as he approached the bed, she opened her eyes, and welcomed him with a smile—but it was a smile more of agony than of joy. Unconsciously they all sunk upon their knees. The aged servant of Christ, soon himself to receive the crown, prayed. As his calm and fervent petitions ascended, the peace of God again gradually diffused itself over that pale and dying visage, which but just now was covered with the gloom of despondency ; and ere he concluded, it had resumed its wonted serenity. The cloud had dispersed, and the Sun of Righteousness once more shed healing from his wings. If sin and sorrow found aught in her, they were no longer permitted to exercise her faith. The troubles of a vain and delusive world were left behind for ever. Hope seemed almost to be lost in sight, and the veil, that conceals the eternal inheritance from mortal vision, appeared to be withdrawn, while in the full assurance of exultation, she exclaimed : “ He has given his angels charge concerning me, and they are waiting to conduct me to

the presence of Him, who bought me with his blood. He is my refuge—and on Him only I rely. His love is stronger than death; and though I pass through the waters, he will be with me, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow me.”

For some minutes she continued to speak to those about her, as if already on the way from earth to heaven. Then raising herself in the bed, strengthened we may presume, in an especial manner, for the closing scene, she called them to her one by one, as they wept around her, and blessed them, and gave them the kiss of peace.* In conclusion, addressing herself to them collectively, she uttered, in a clear and emphatic voice: “Persevere unto the end; and may He, whose grace has supported me under all my afflictions, be your exceeding great reward!” Having thus delivered to them her dying charge, her ties to this world were dissolved: and her spirit appeared suddenly to hear the summons to unrobe. Then, gently laying

* See note v.

herself back in the arms of one of her brothers, who, having recently obtained leave of absence, had returned to attend her during her last illness, and had placed himself so as to support her, she lifted her eyes to heaven, and said : " I am going unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." This done, without a struggle or a sigh, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, and entered on that rest which shall never be interrupted more !

Such was the life of one of the fairest of the daughters of men—its tranquil tenour, its triumphant close. If few, who are doomed to the sufferings of a terrestrial pilgrimage, have had deeper experience of Divine consolation, few have been called to taste of the bitterness of that cup which was given her to drink. But there was One who watched over her. He had redeemed her with the price of his own sorrows ; and He stood by her ' faithful unto death.' Through him, more than conqueror in all

her trials, she was enabled even in the fiery furnace to rejoice. Him, as the object of her supreme attachment, it was her high aim to honour—walking worthy of his vocation, and winning others to the banner of his love. Her soul, indeed, forgot not all his benefits. He had not implacably chided with her, neither kept his anger for ever. He had forgiven her iniquities, and had healed, if not the diseases of the outward, those which are harder to be borne, of the inward man:—and could she be unmindful of the riches of that mercy, which had given her so good a hope beyond 'the changes and chances' which are our lot below? No; Emily had sat too long at the feet of Jesus, thus to have learned Christ. Her strength, she had been taught, was in humiliation at the cross; and thence she was ever desirous to derive the exemplar by which to regulate her deportment, as a daughter, a sister, and a disciple of her heavenly Master. Her path through life had been a retired one. As she had associated but little with mankind, so there were few who had witnessed the angel-like humility

of her walk with God. Confined to a spot remote from observation, she had ripened in seclusion from the world. Her youth was indeed as the spring for loveliness; and like the almond tree she blossomed betimes. With the sweetness of a lily blooming in the garden of the Lord, and unfolding its modest beauties beneath the culture of his paternal and protecting care, she had gradually, though almost unnoticed and unknown, been made meet for the inheritance of his presence, and prepared for a participation in those pleasures which are at his right hand, pure and unalloyed, for evermore. Thus, like a tree by the rivers of waters, she brought forth her fruit. Planted in the house of the Lord, she flourished in the courts of God; and with her affections disengaged from, though necessarily conversant with, the things of time, she grew up an inhabitant of a better and a brighter scene.

CHAP. XV.

“The sun already climbs the eastward hill,
With promise of a pleasant day. Ah! ere
On the soft bosom of the western wave
He lean his head, how many a spirit, watchful
Meanwhile or careless, will have winged its way
To joys ineffable, or to the abodes
Of horror and despair!”

THE fulness of the Divine counsel had at length come in, when its purpose relative to the family, which has formed the principal subject of our narrative, was to be finally developed. ‘He who setteth the solitary in habitations, and maketh him families like a flock,’ now saw it for his glory, in dispensations indeed inscrutable to human eyes, to visit with trial those, whom he had so long followed, and whom he still attended, though ‘in a pillar of cloud,’ with his parental love. Their ‘pleasant portion was soon to be left unto them deso-

late.' Removed from their seat, and scattered to the ends of the earth, they were now to learn, in the depths of affliction, that God moves in a mysterious way; 'exalting one, and bringing down another,' as it seemeth good to him—for 'he hath prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over all.'

During our progress, we have traced some from thoughtlessness to the solicitude of a mind, awakened from the awful security of natural darkness, and anxiously enquiring after the way that leads to solid and lasting happiness. From that seriousness, which so well becomes the candidate for immortality—the being 'whose breath is in his nostrils,' and who is separated only by a step from irretrievable ruin—we have pursued them, until they were permitted to look up as 'prisoners of hope,' and to rejoice in assurance of the glory to be revealed. Others again we have followed from the cradle to a premature grave. Cut down when the blossoms of fond anticipation were but just beginning to expand, we have seen

youth and loveliness, like a flower when 'the wind passeth over it,' faded and gone.— The brief and melancholy sequel now alone remains. Profitable though mournful, may we be led to consider in it the devastations of time, levelling in his advance, with an unrelenting hand, distinctions of rank and age: knocking alike at the portals of the palace, and the poor man's door:* calling equally the infant as him who is 'full of days;' and summoning all to that dread tribunal where the various generations of mankind shall stand contemporaries, to hear pronounced that decision, pregnant with such tremendous consequences, and from which there is no appeal.

A few months previous to Emily's decease, her father had already entered on his repose.† Like a shock of corn in his season, in a good old age Albert du Blesne was gathered to his people. Permitted to survey his offspring arriving at maturity about him; and,

* *Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, Regumque tures.*—*Hor. Carm. Lib. 1. 6.*

† *See note w.*

ere his eyes grew dim, granted that privilege, than which none is dearer to a pious parent's breast, of beholding most of his beloved children obedient to his instructions, and walking in the society of that wisdom, 'whose ways are pleasantness, and whose paths are peace,' and not without hope as it regarded the others, he found at length his end approaching, and calmly prepared to meet it, as the welcome messenger that invited him to rest. Removed from the contaminations of the world, and yet more in spirit than in the body, 'a stranger in the earth,' he had experienced, and in a manner which he had once as little desired as anticipated, the benefit of the Divine disposal, and, though often veiled from the reach of sense, the faithfulness of Him on whom his care was cast. Frequently, when retiring to meditate in days when the 'candle of God shined upon his head,' while looking on all around, and reflecting on the blessings with which a gracious Lord had encompassed him, he would raise his eyes, overflowing with gratitude, to heaven, and ex-

claim : “ The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places : I have indeed a goodly heritage.”

Having been habitually accustomed to resign himself, with all he had, to God, and thus, through the many years, during which he had walked with him, gently undoing the knots which bound him to the things below, he now saw them about to be finally untied, without a pang. He was only exchanging a barren and dry wilderness where no water is, for the regions of heavenly unanimity and bliss, where are rivers of pleasures, and inexhaustible springs of comfort and delight.—Thus, after the vicissitudes of a protracted and chequered life, he was enabled to adopt the grateful language of the Psalmist : ‘ Lord, thou hast dealt well with thy servant according unto thy word.’

His death was in all respects peculiarly tranquil, and in happy accordance with those principles which he had so long professed, and which for so many years had vitally influenced his conversation in the world. The powers of nature seemed to have gra-

dually decayed. 'The silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl broken' almost imperceptibly; and he sunk upon his pillow, fervently ejaculating: "Come, Lord Jesus!" without an effort or a groan. Spared the anguish of seeing his beloved Emily expire, he had only a little preceded her in bidding farewell to all the untold anxieties incident to this state of trial. But as he approached his desired haven, he could perceive the worm at the root of his beauteous gourd. His smile had charmed away the hours of her childhood, and had gladdened her riper years: and he now beheld her with himself, 'waning to the tomb,' and died in the full expectation of a speedy re-union with her in that land, where the inhabitant shall no more say, 'I am sick'—where the blasts of adversity shall never again be felt—and where

"Adieus, and farewells, are a sound unknown."

Nor did Mrs. du Blesne long survive him. Attached to her husband by the ties of a tender affection, which had only acquired strength by the lapse of time, there appeared

to be a chord of sympathy between their lives, which, if broken in one, would necessarily involve the dissolution of the other. They had matured beneath the same skies, and the same suns were destined to set on their decline. They had descended together, like our exiled parents, when ‘through Eden they took their solitary way, hand joined in hand,’ into the vale of years; and the angel, who drew the curtains of night around du Blesne, warned the companion of his days, that the evening-star had already reached the horizon.

Although it had been their prayer, that, as they had not been dissevered in life, they might not be divided in death; yet, when they saw their child drooping so quickly, they were willing to be separated for a little season, that one of them at least might watch over her to the last, and close her beloved eyes. Nor did heaven frustrate the kind parental wish—Emily had had the benefit of a mother’s intercessions, and counsel, even to her latest moments. Her child was at length laid unto her fathers: her husband too

had fallen asleep ; and, now, the hour of her own departure was expected, and drew nigh with hasty, but with unalarming step.

Of undissembled piety, agreeably to the Divine injunction, the partner of du Blesne had loved her husband, had loved her children. Chaste in her conversation, and putting on the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, to *him* she gave the homage of a willing obedience: *these*, she was ever studious, with many supplications for direction from above, and for ‘the dews of the Spirit,’ to bring up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In her day and generation, shining, not perhaps with a brilliant, but with clear and steady light, it had been her sincere endeavour habitually to conform herself to His example, who ‘went about doing good.’ Adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour, she confessed him before men, in the hope that he would not be ashamed of her humble name, when he should come in the glory of his Father. With little in her demeanour to attract *attention*, unassuming and unostentatious,

she might have been overlooked, as unworthy the notice of a supercilious mind ; but those, who were most intimately acquainted with her, knew best the beauty of her hidden life. As a pure majestic stream it was, rolling its waters calmly onward to the ocean of eternity. If the winds of affliction ruffled it for a moment, it was only to impart to it, afterwards, a tranquillity more striking and lovely. In the expressive language of Scripture, ‘ her peace was as a river, and her righteousness as the waves of the sea.’ Looking earnestly for a better country, and deeply sensible how precarious was her hold of time, she had laboured with all diligence to be ready at the first intimation, to arise and depart to her everlasting rest. Thus to her, death was no unwelcome visitant ; and she now saw the ‘ King of terrors ’ approaching, and went forth to meet him with a smile.

For some years her health had been perceptibly declining ; and even at the period of her husband’s decease, the rapidly accumulating infirmities of age had greatly de-

bilitated her frame. Scarcely able to attend her child to the grave, while wistfully gazing on the bier which contained the beloved remains, as it slowly descended from her sight, she was heard to say : "Farewell, Emily ! but only for a little, Thou art gone from me ; but thy bereaved mother will not tarry long behind."

Not many months after, she found 'the judge at the door.' But she was not unprepared to open to him ; and when 'there was a cry made,' it only sounded in her ears as the cheerful voice of the bridegroom, inviting her to enter into the joy of her Lord. Thither had ascended some who once were dear, and whose remembrance she fondly cherished : and she was now going to rejoin them. — Her last words were : "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord."—To mark the spot where she reposes, a modest memorial stands ; and the eye of the pensive wanderer may still trace this affecting and instructive epitaph :

Passant, qui viens errer en ce lieu solitaire,
Arrête : ce terrain n'est pas un sol vulgaire.

Cet ombrage est sacré. Aux brises du matin
 Il se plaint et gémit en murmure incertain :
 Là les restes glacés d'un enfant de lumière,
 Loin des ris et des pleurs, dorment en la poussière.
 Sa bouche en expirant fit entendre ces mots :
 " En ta croix, cher Sauveur, je trouve mon repos ! " *

Of the other actors in the scenes we have attempted to delineate, the tale is simply told. The eldest surviving son of du Blesne had not long returned with his brothers to join their respective regiments after the decease of their mother and sister, when he fell under the displeasure of his superior officer, a marshal in the service of France. The cause was never fully ascertained ; but the allegation was generally supposed to have been fictitious, as the affair was not

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- * Stranger ! whoe'er thou art, whose steps may stray,
 Thoughtless or sad, this solitary way,
 Pause here a moment : no unhallowed ground
 Is that thy wanderings of this hour have found.
 These shades are sacred. Where yon rising gales
 Tell in low murmurs their funeral tales,
 Far from each care that once her bosom heaved,
 And blest beyond what ever heart conceived,
 A christian sleeps—her last full hope confest :
 " In thee, dear Saviour, and thy cross, I rest ! " *

permitted to undergo a public investigation. Thus, for an imputed offence, was this gallant soldier thrown into prison, where he languished until a broken heart put a period to his sorrows. His indignant spirit could not brook the disgrace; and though a friend, who was allowed to visit him in his dying moments, bore testimony to the forgiving disposition he manifested, he gradually pined till nature sunk under the pressure. But let us not condemn. Though wounded pride may have hurried him immaturely to his grave, who is there who would not have felt under similar circumstances? His property, the residue of the estates, which his father had preserved amidst the ruin of his country, was seized on and appropriated to the enriching of his accuser; and the family mansion, which for so many ages had witnessed the happiness and hospitality of the du Blesnes, was levelled with the ground—and now tradition only informs the enquiring traveller where it stood. The trees, which had so long grown unmolested about it, were felled and sold, and at present

scarce a vestige remains of the former beauty of the glen.—Silent and solitary, with the voice of joy and the voice of gladness resounding in it no more, it seems left as a lasting, but sad, memento of the transitory nature of all earthly expectations, and the instability of sublunary things. Thousands, whose hearts once beat lightly amidst its pleasant places, are now laid in the dreariness and stillness of the grave. They were—buoyant with youth, elate with anticipation, and animated by hope: they *were*—but where *are* they? Gone, gone, gone; beyond the fellowship of sense and time: gone, to be judged in righteousness: gone, and their place shall know them no more for ever!

Involved in the destruction of the eldest was the youngest brother. Having warmly espoused the cause of his injured kinsman, and made use of some unguarded expressions relative to the conduct of his enemies, he was put under arrest, and eventually committed to one of those horrible dungeons, where so many lingered, during the different

‘ reigns of terror,’ the wretched victims of cruelty and despair. From this he found means to get a letter conveyed to his sisters, informing them of his situation, and intreating them, as he was meditating his escape, which he hoped to be able to effectuate, to provide some place of secrecy for him, where he might elude the vigilance of his pursuers. This, though not without its threatening consequences to themselves, they gladly undertook ; but their little labour of love was needless.—The unfortunate writer was never heard of afterwards.

Adolphus, Albert’s second son, was, not long subsequent to the melancholy fate of his brothers, killed in action. He was commanded to attack a strongly intrenched post. Destruction was inevitable, and it was even whispered that he had been singled out on that account ; but he scorned to let a stigma attach itself to the character of a du Blesne, and he determined at every hazard to obey. Having asked and obtained permission to choose his men, he selected a brigade of Swiss, whom he had often proved in the hour

of danger. With these he pressed forward sword in hand ; and while leading the charge, and encouraging his brave band, with the words on his lips, "Remember Switzerland"—he received a rifle ball in his side. Taking an inward direction, it attained a vital part ; and the intrepid youth was carried insensible off the field. In this state he lay for a considerable time ; nor did he ever speak again, except to compassionate the desolate situation of his sisters. As he fetched the last deep groan, that dis severed the spirit from its mortal tenement, he exclaimed : "My poor sisters !"—then, falling back into the arms of his faithful servant, who had followed him from his father's, and had been his companion on many a trying day, he expired. Like the good Josiah of old, he died in war ; but there is every consolatory hope, that, with that pious king, he too was 'gathered to his grave in peace.' He was of a most amiable disposition, and bore much of the reproach of Him, who was 'separate from sinners,' often reproving his thoughtless comrades, who 'wondered that

he would not run with them to the same excess of riot.' As he had lived beloved, so he fell lamented even by many who were incapable of appreciating, and unwilling to imitate, his virtues.

Thus were the daughters of an exemplary couple left without an earthly protector. Mysterious, often, is the conduct of Providence, relative to the people of its care. They are led by a way that they know not, and guided by an unseen, frequently by a dubious, hand. Yet are they still travelling onward, still drawing nearer the city of habitation, and their eternal home. If they meet with difficulties on their way,—and doubt and darkness will occasionally envelope the steps of the pilgrim whose eye is heavenward—they need not be dismayed. They have a Friend 'who will be with them, and will keep them in all places whither they go.' He will give his angels charge concerning them, to compass their path, and encamp about their bed. Depressed and dejected they may be, for a season: but surely! they have nothing to apprehend.

Are they groaning and fainting under their cross?—Do they not bear it with Jesus? Are they wearied, and well nigh tempted utterly to despair!—Is there not a repose provided? Is his ear heavy, that it cannot hear? Or his arm shortened, that it cannot save? No, no! The mother may forget her helpless babe; but they will be had in remembrance, till they are finally beyond the reach of all that can harass, or alarm!

Until the alienation of their brother's estates, they had continued to reside in the mansion of their forefathers, changed indeed from what it had been to them in their earlier and happier days, yet still affording them 'a shadow from the heat, and a hiding place from the storm.' But, now, they were to go fatherless, bereaved and destitute, on the world. Oh! under such a complication of distress—driven on the threatening ocean of life, like the ship unhelmed upon tempestuous seas—without an eye to pity, or a hand to deliver—what must not have been the agonizing feelings of their hearts!

But there is 'a Father of the fatherless,'

as well as a 'husband of the widow.' With this assurance, we know, that 'bread will be given them, while their waters shall be sure'—that 'they will be hid in the secret of Jehovah's presence from the pride of man, and kept secretly in his pavilion from the strife of tongues.' And the hour will ere long arrive, yea, now is, when 'the cry of the orphan shall cease, and sorrowing and sighing be for ever done away!' Then, 'they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb, who is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'—It was rumoured, indeed, and generally credited, that Major and Mrs. Villaret, the pious friends of their parents, had received them under their roof, and adopted them as their own children. As they had removed, however, on the death of Mrs. du Blesne, to a distant part of Switzerland, this was never exactly ascertained.

We have now only to follow a little farther in the path of affliction the unhappy father of Alphonzo. De Mertenburg beheld his son, the sole heir of the honours and fortunes of his house, laid in his dreary resting place ; nor did he betray any sign of emotion, which would have led you to conclude that he saw his child—his last hope, committed to the grave. His eye wept not : his breast manifested no symptom of regret. He gazed on the funereal pomp—‘ the sad solemnities of death ’—as if unconscious of, and uninterested in, the mournful event, which had given occasion for their display.—Reason had forsaken her seat in the bosom of de Mertenburg. Misfortune met him with too wild an aspect, and his brain was unable to resist the shock.—Henceforth he became a wanderer. Far from the haunts of men, he seemed to seek in the loneliness of rocks and deserts some relief for a spirit that agitated him night and day. Like a tower, magnificent in solitude and ruin, and beat by the desolating winds of heaven, he dwelt uncheered, unsheltered, and alone.

"Friendship for him had not a balm to shed :
Home was no more a refuge to his head."

Often in the silence of the night, would he stray along the battlements of his castle talking to himself. Often, the evening-traveller, detained on his way, would espy on the hill 'the melancholy chief,' and hurry onward with a trembling step. At times, he would burst into a strange delirious laugh, that would have frozen your heart with horror ; then cease with a sudden frightful shriek. Again as if speaking to his son, he would allude to family arrangements—but hastily checking himself, he would cry : " No ; I dream, I dream." At intervals, he was observed as if in supplication, with his eyes uplifted ; and anon, while pacing alone the antique chambers of his dwelling, he was heard to exclaim : " The torrent ; the torrent ; save him ; save him ;" but he was never after known to utter the name of Alphonzo, or to visit the spot where he reposed in death.

At length, the domestics, who had missed him for a considerable time, going in search

of their poor master, and sorrowing in the thought that they might see his face no more, discovered him on the summit of a distant hill, which he had frequented in other days. He was kneeling on a rude altar, which it was conjectured he had erected for himself, of loose stones overlaid with sods. His hands were clasped as if in the act of prayer; and his eyes were turned towards the east, and fixed apparently on the sun rising in unclouded majesty at the moment. The little volume which Emily had given to Alphonzo on the evening of their last interview, and which the youth still grasped in his expiring moments, was lying open before him, as if he had been engaged in the devotions of his better hours. At first they supposed he was worshipping, and were unwilling to disturb him; but looking at him stedfastly, and perceiving no signs of animation, they approached him, and found the vital spark extinct. His muscles were indurated; and he still retained the posture of life, though the spirit appeared long to have quitted its desolate abode. His coun-

tenance had resumed much of that dignified composure, which had characterized his former years ; and while they beheld the pale visage, imagination would have traced a something depicted in it, which seemed to say to them : “ Weep not for me ! ”

They brought him home ; and on the morrow, as the last gleam of day-light was vanishing in the west, with the tribute of a few unaffected tears, buried him in the sepulchre of his fathers.

FINIS.

N O T E S.

NOTE α—(The contaminating circles of the soldiery of France).

IT fell to the lot of the author of this ' Tale,' during one of his pedestrian excursions to the Alps, to be overtaken by a mountaineer, who had fought the battles of Buonaparte. On the restoration of the Bourbons he had received his discharge, and was now going to revisit the wilds of his nativity. Desirous of witnessing the scene of his meeting with his aged parents, and the brothers and sisters he had left behind, I kept company with him, musing on ' The Switzer's Return', until he gained the spot which fancy represented so dear to him. The village where he was about to rest after his wanderings was sweetly situated, and though surrounded by bleak and inaccessible mountains, and exposed in winter to many a tempestuous blast, it seemed on that occasion to smile as in welcome of his arrival.

Descending a little hill, which had hid his cottage from our view, he espied his mother, who was at work in her garden. But, how much was I affected by the indifference with which he saluted her! Preserved amidst so many dangers, and permitted after so long an absence, to revisit in peace the country of his birth: granted, too, the unanticipated privilege of knowing, ere yet he had reached his home, that one at least of his parents was still in the land of the living, (for, if I recollect aright, he told me that there had been no mutual communications between himself and his family for six years), I had hoped to see him run up to her, and embrace her with all the warmth of filial tenderness. But, alas! the frivolity of the Frenchman, the *sang froid* of the Revolutionist, and a wish to be considered the *man of fashion*, were too conspicuous in all his deportment.

This incident, trivial perhaps in itself, could not but awaken many painful reflections.

NOTE b—(Torn from her embraces.)

The author once met a poor woman, the wife of a soldier, carrying an infant in its cradle up one of the most difficult passes of the Alps. She placed the cradle, with the infant secured in it, on

her head, and thus winded up the path, solitary, unassisted, and almost, as it seemed, broken-hearted. How much it grieved us to see her!—She informed us that her husband had long been away from her—doubtful, perhaps, whether he would ever return! Oh, if kings and princes would but reflect on the misery their ambition entails on so many thousands of their unhappy subjects, would they not cease to ‘learn war, and beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.’? But, alas! ‘the god of this world’ rules, but too generally, in the councils of ‘the kingdoms of the earth.’

NOTE c—(Whose face they were soon to see no more.)

The writer had occasion to know a striking instance of the detestation in which the French were held in Switzerland. But while he portrays the gloomy part of the picture, he would not overlook its brighter and more pleasing shades.

A Genevese lady, who had seen thousands torn from the arms of their wives and families by the conscription, made an effigy of Buonaparte, and a tomb of corresponding dimensions, both of very curious workmanship. These she kept beside her as a *sacred* deposit, with the intention of ‘bringing them forth to the people’, and disp

ing them in triumph after his death. In pondering these memorials of her hatred, as she has frequently declared to me, so awfully would the malice of her heart be excited, that she could have feasted her eyes with the torments of the unhappy being, in anticipation of whose decease they had been constructed. But, the hour was approaching, when the lion was to become a lamb, and when even a mind, so inveterate in evil, was to 'put away all wrath', and to intercede for this very man, whom she had once regarded with so demon-like an abhorrence.

Prevailed upon by the entreaties of her daughter, a young woman of eminent piety, to accompany her to a place where the Gospel was proclaimed as the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, she heard the word, and it found in her bosom a soil prepared by grace to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. After many conflicts with flesh and blood, she at length avowed herself a disciple of Jesus—of him who was 'meek and lowly of heart'; and, desirous of giving proof of her sincerity, or rather as the natural effect of that Spirit of purification which she had received, she took her 'curious arts and books,' the effigy and tomb, to the house of him, who had been the minister of God to her for good, and related the circumstances connected

with their formation. She then said : " Blessed be God, I have now learned other things. Poor wretch ! for such he is, I pity, and pray for him ; and in testimony of my change of feeling towards him, I have brought these monuments of my malice, and I here, in presence of you all, commit them to the flames."

While we beheld them consuming, could we help lifting up our souls in gratitude to that Lord, who had thus made so signal a display of his forbearance, and at the age of sixty-one called this his ransomed one to the knowledge of himself, and taught her that old things were to be done away. To this lady, I have frequently listened with thankful astonishment, and mingled my tears with her's, while she spoke of that mercy, which had ' endured her with so much long-suffering'—which, for *sixty-one years*, as she emphatically said, had borne with her rebellion. Glory be to him, who thus ' passeth by the iniquity of the remnant of his heritage !'

NOTE *d*—(Thus were to be gratified the insatiable desires of a monster.)

The introduction to this narrative was written just about the period of the death of the unhappy wretch, whose conduct forms its most

striking feature. His crimes, indeed, were almost without a parallel, and the blood of millions crieth from the gore-stained field, from prisons, and from dungeons, against him. Yet, the writer of this note can affirm with truth, that he was deeply affected, when the tidings arrived that Buonaparte was no more. He thought of the height from which he had been hurled—the oceans of blood through which he had waded to a throne—the nature of his departure, as related by an eye-witness, full of pride and moroseness, as long as sense and feeling remained—above all, that awful tribunal whither he was gone to render up his account—and he was compelled to exclaim: ‘How wonderful are thy judgments, O Lord, and thy ways past finding out!’

Applicable, and just, as would be the sublimely fearful and indignant taunt of the prophet: ‘How hath the oppressor ceased! He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted, and none hindereth. The whole earth is at rest and is quiet; they break forth into singing. Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming; it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou

also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God, I will be like the most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They, that see thee, shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house: but thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch; as a carcase trodden under foot. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people.'—Just and applicable as all this would be, yet, were it not to hold him up as 'a beacon on the road to fame,' far should it be from the writer of these lines to notice him, or to triumph over an enemy humbled, and now for ever beyond our reach! He is gone—and

gladly would I bury his iniquities with him in the oblivion of death, and say with the poet:

“ Let the voice of his crimes be unheard in the grave !”

NOTE *e*—

(O Love of Empire ! For what deeds unblest,
Won't thy curst sway prepare the human breast ?)

On this subject the story of the unhappy, but, as far as we can judge, the once-ingenuous, Hazeael is familiar to us all. ‘ What ! Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing ? ’ would seem to have been spoken in the sincerity of his heart : and yet, scarcely had the unfortunate youth withdrawn from the presence of Elisha, when he murdered his master. And, no doubt, he subsequently fulfilled all the horrors of the prophetic declaration. Surely, ‘ lead us not into temptation ’ came from the lips of One, who ‘ knew what was in man ! ’

NOTE *f*—(Pursued by danger from the dissolving snow, or the detached rock.)

The devastations of the Avalanche are sometimes truly mournful. The author has seen the wasted tracks of these messengers of desolation, where there was, as it were, a highway formed through the centre of the forest that would have

impeded their progress. The trees were torn up, and shivered, and not a vestige of vegetation remained.

At particular seasons of the year it is extremely dangerous to pass in their vicinity. In the spring of 1818, there were two English families upon the route of the Simplon, when they were alarmed by a tremendous roar announcing the descent of an Avalanche. The post-boy of the hinder carriage, perceiving it was in front, instantly drew up, while the more advanced party pushed forward with all speed, and had just attained a place of safety, as the rolling volume* grazed the outer extremity of the wheel of their vehicle. What an awful moment! It required thirty men, and occupied them for four hours, to dig an opening through it, wide enough for a carriage to pass.

* It is generally supposed that the Avalanche slides: this, however, is a mistake. The mass of snow, which composes it, first disengages itself at the upper extremity from that of which it previously formed a part, and then slowly recedes, rolling like a snow-ball, and gradually increasing in size and velocity, until it reaches the bottom of the valley below.

The author once unconsciously came upon one in its incipient state, and before he was well aware of the danger that might attend his delay, had a most favourable opportunity for examining the progress of this destructive phenomenon.

The writer was once in imminent danger from a falling mass of rock. My companions and I had seated ourselves about midway up the acclivity of a high mountain, at whose summit we had been, and were reposing, tranquilly enjoying the prospect, when our attention was suddenly attracted by a loud noise above us. Turning our eyes simultaneously to the spot whence the sound proceeded, we perceived an immense stone hurrying towards us with fearfully accelerating velocity. Uncertain of the direction it might take, we ran different ways. Less fortunate than the others in escaping from the destruction that menaced us, I was not above three yards out of the line of its descent, when it bounded past with frightful rapidity. How grateful should we be for unseen protection! 'In the midst of life we are' indeed 'in death.'

NOTE g—(Come nigh their dwelling.)

As a pleasing contrast to this lamentable insensibility—an insensibility, it is true, which gave place in the sequel to feelings widely different—the author will perhaps be pardoned for relating the following anecdote, which his readers will, possibly, coincide with him in considering as not unworthy of a place in his

volume. We shall designate our little narrative by the title of

“The Alpine Strawberry Girl.”

A pretty looking girl, about fifteen years of age, had climbed with us the steep ascent, that leads from the valley of Chamounix to the Montanvert. In hopes of obtaining a few sous, she had gathered some wild strawberries, which grow in abundance on the sides of the mountains, and now offered them to us as a refreshment after our fatigue. Feeling a more than ordinary interest in our little companion from the superior intelligence her countenance indicated, and from the peculiar artlessness and suavity of her manners, we were drawn, perhaps, with a more than usual degree of warmth and affection, to endeavour to guide her feet in the ways of righteousness and truth. Accordingly, we entered into conversation with her, and giving it gradually a serious turn, not to alarm her prejudices, or awaken ineautionously the still-latent sentiments of that animosity inherent in the unregenerate heart, we were agreeably surprised in finding a mind open to conviction, and already deeply impressed with the instability of all things human. My fellow-traveller asking her, if she ever thought of Eternity.—“ Ah! Sir,” she replied with affecting simplicity; “ how can I dwell amidst such frightful

rocks, which threaten to crush me every moment, and not think of Eternity?"

Anxious to receive further instruction in 'the things belonging to her peace,' she came to visit us, by appointment, at the hotel on the following morning, accompanied by a playmate, who, she was willing, should participate in whatever advantages were to be derived from our acquaintance. My friend, taking his little volume from his pocket, read to her some verses of the third chapter of John. Astonished at what she heard, for she appears to have had little or no knowledge of the Scriptures, she insensibly drew near him, and, with a *naïveté* truly touching, put her hand on his shoulder, and leaned forward, looking intently at the book, to assure herself, that what he told her was actually there. As he explained the solemn asseveration of our Lord: 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God:' the tear trembled in her eye,* and a new world seemed to open before her. The importance of vital religion, and a consciousness of her own want of it, appeared almost to overwhelm her.

We were thankful for having it in our power to

* One of them wept—but I cannot positively affirm which: both of them, however, were much affected.

leave with her a Testament, which she received with demonstrations of unfeigned joy. . May the great Shepherd of the sheep accompany it with his blessing ; and may she be found hereafter, if it be but, among the lambs of his fold !

NOTE *h*—(Still rules with a melancholy sway).

On one of the author's excursions to the higher cantons, the following affecting story was related to him ; and as it may serve to illustrate this mournful assertion, he cannot prevail upon himself to withhold it from his readers. .

In a village, sweetly situated at the foot of the lofty mountains, which gird the course of the Upper Rhone, lived a poor, but pious man. Desirous of ' bringing up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord', he regularly assembled his family at the close of the day, and read a chapter of the Bible to them, making occasionally such simple remarks as he was able, and as he thought most likely, under the Divine blessing, to awaken their attention.

After a season, however, one of his daughters, who had now attained to years of maturity, began to express her disapprobation of this practice, which we would imagine so becoming the

character of an aged pilgrim, who felt that the best, perhaps the only, legacy he could bequeath his children, was the remembrance of a father, who had 'walked with God'—and, finally, she refused to attend his humble worship. Astonished and distressed at her behaviour, the good old man expostulated with her, with the utmost tenderness, and with many tears, endeavouring to recall her to a sense of the duty she owed alike to God and him—but in vain. She refused to listen to his entreaties, and turned a deaf ear to his warnings, and now frequently absented herself from the house.

On enquiry, it was found that a young man, a bigoted catholic was paying his addresses to her, and that he had been sedulously poisoning her mind with the evil principles of popery. And the fruits were manifest. More willing to imbibe the erroneous tenets of her admirer, than the pious instructions of her parents, and gradually becoming a true disciple of a church which passes over justice and judgment and faith, to tithe mint, anise, and cummin, and perform a thousand vain superstitions, she set filial duty at defiance, and ceased, even outwardly, to honour the authors of her being.

In process of time, she became the wife of this enemy of her Maker, and sworn foe of the reli-

gion, for which her simple and honest ancestors had bled. This was the concluding blow to the peace of her unhappy father. His death-warrant was now signed. His food was tears, and he went mourning all the day long. Insensibly, he ceased to feel interested in the things about him. His little farm was neglected; and his diminished flock wandered without the watchful superintendence of its master's eye. His ties to life seemed to be dissolved, and he often spoke of the quiet repose of the grave as a welcome deliverance from a world, which for him had lost all its attractions. His griefs, however, were destined to be of short duration; and he was soon to be called to a scene, where pain and suffering and sighing shall flee away, exemplifying in sad memorial the truth of that beautiful couplet:

“ The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.”

He had left the house, and gone to a courtyard, which had only one outlet, to give his cow her fodder for the night, when, in a moment, the adjacent level was deluged, and the waters burst into the area with irresistible violence. His terrified family called to him; but whether from his desponding state of mind, as it was generally supposed, he was unconscious of his danger, or whether he was unable to extricate himself, is

uncertain : but when the inundation had subsided, he was discovered lifeless beside the poor animal he had been feeding, and which had itself shared in its owner's unhappy fate.

The foregoing circumstances were related to the writer by one of his daughters, a very interesting young woman, and in every respect a contrast to her sister, who had thus brought the grey hairs of a fond father with sorrow to the grave.

NOTE i—(Notes of thanksgiving.)

For the gratification of our readers, we shall here present them with a morning and an evening hymn in French. They are selected from the only tolerable collection in that tongue, and are generally considered a fair specimen of French psalmodic poetry. For the benefit of any who may not be intimately conversant with the original language, we have attempted to clothe them in an English dress.

CANTIQUE DU MATIN.

I.

Brillante étoile du matin,
Amène-nous un jour serein—
Un jour de paix, de grâce :
Comme une Aurore, dans nos cœurs
Darde ta divine splendeur,
Et ta douce efficacité.

II.

Agneau, Flambeau de ma vie!
 Je te prie,
 Viens éclairer
 Tous mes pas, par ta lumière.

(TRANSLATION.)

MORNING HYMN.

I.

Bright morning star, of gentle sway,
 Serene in peace, and love ;
 Come, bring our waiting eyes a day
 Of healing from above.

II.

Fair as the blushing dawn, when night,
 And angry clouds, have fled ;
 Rise in our hearts with heavenly light,
 And thy sweet influence shed.

III.

Atoning Lamb ! O hearken while
 I lift my voice, and pray :
 Light of my life, around me smile,
 And brighten all my way !

CANTIQUE DU SOIR.

I.

Puissé-je dire que j'aime
 Mon Dieu d'un amour parfait !
 O félicité suprême !
 Mais, mon Sauveur ! qui pourroit

Exprimer la jouissance
 D'un cœur de toi tout épris ?
 Il trouve, par tes souffrances,
 Dès ici le paradis.

II.

Fais que mon cœur ne respire,
 O Jésus, que ton amour :
 Que mon esprit te désire,
 Pour t'être uni nuit et jour.
 Pendant que mon corps sommeille,
 Demeure si près de moi,
 Qu'à l'instant que je m'éveille,
 Je me retrouve avec toi !

(TRANSLATION.)

EVENING HYMN.

I.

Could I but say I loved my God
 With love that banish'd fear ;
 Light o'er my days 'twould sweetly shed —
 And I—how happy here !

II.

But ah, my Saviour ! who can tell
 The bliss that heart would know,
 Which drew from thee its chiefest joy ?
 —'Twere paradise below !

III.

Then grant, O Lord, my soul round thee
 Each hope, each thought, may twine ;
 While one dear wish inspires my breast—
 —To be, for ever, thine !

IV.

And now, while nature seeks repose,
Abide so near to me,
That when I wake, I still, loved Lord,
May find myself with thee !

NOTE *j*—(A worthy Pastor.)

A poor and despised, but humble and pious, labourer in the vineyard of his Lord. It was he, who communicated the particulars, whence the author derived the subject of his 'Tale'. This good man, now himself soon to be laid unto his fathers, still retraces with pleasure his visits, in years long since mingled with the stream of time, to the residence of du Blesne.

He informed me that his little memoir had been blessed to the conversion of a soul. May the great Head of the Church deign to acknowledge, in a similar manner, the unworthy but sincere desire of the author of the present narrative, to advance the interests of his kingdom !

NOTE *k*—(With the most touching fervour.)

This custom is not uncommon in many parts of the continent, where vital religion prevails. The author was witness to a similar scene, when visiting the descendants of the ancient Albigen-

ses, or rather perhaps those with whom they have become identified. The assembly was numerous, consisting of from twenty to thirty persons. The pastor, after reading a chapter from the New Testament, which he accompanied with a simple but instructive exposition, called upon an interesting girl of from twelve to fourteen years of age, to conclude with prayer. After hesitating for a moment, she did so, though with much diffidence, and an emotion, arising possibly from the presence of a foreigner, which at first almost prevented utterance. In a little, however, she became more calm and collected; and it was truly edifying to hear her supplications on our behalf. Her intercessions for her beloved pastor, who had been 'the minister of God to her for good,' were peculiarly beautiful and affecting. "Give thy servant grace, O Lord," (thus she prayed), "to preach the Gospel of thy dear Son. May he be faithful in the discharge of his duty; and may many be turned, through his instrumentality, from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

The writer recurs to this touching solemnity with many pleasing recollections, and well remembers breathing the secret ejaculation:—"Would that I could pray like that infant!" Real godliness, however, is rarely to be met with amongst that once-favoured people.

NOTE 1—(Banished from too many an Alpine threshold.)

On this subject, the following anecdote, in testimony that there still exists, occasionally, among the inhabitants of the Alps, the more generous feelings of other times, will require no apology. It was related to me by the person himself, when I was with him in the neighbourhood.

Mr. C. one of the pious missionaries, by whose laborious exertions the spiritual miseries of the continent of Europe are explored, after visiting the valley of St. Martin, set out in the evening to return to that of Luzerne. As it was his first visit to the wilds of the Waldenses, he was of course unacquainted with the various intricate passes of the mountains, and ignorant of the site of the different hamlets, as of their respective distances from each other. The weather, though it might be gloomy, as is frequently the case amidst these bleak hills, was not unfavourable for his journey, as he travelled on foot; and he had no doubt but he could easily reach the banks of the Pelis before night-fall.

He gained the summit of the mountain, which forms the line of demarcation between the valleys, but not as soon as he had expected. The ascent was difficult, the path was devious, and he was unaccustomed to Alpine steepes. From the

height, as he gazed with an anxious eye, the villages seemed to have receded. His imagination had pictured them immediately below the hill, but he now beheld them so remote, that they were scarce discernible in the distance. His courage began to fail him, and many a secret apprehension already rose unacknowledged in his breast. The night was advancing rapidly, however, and not a moment was to be trifled away in hesitation. He descended with a quickened pace—and almost at every step the way appeared to lengthen. The scattered hamlet was imperceptible, except perhaps from some twinkling and dubious light, which denoted the arrival of the villagers' hour of rest. Soon, no human habitation was visible—the winds of night began to murmur mournfully around him—the shades were deepening—and he was alone on an inhospitable mountain, without a hand to conduct him, or a voice to animate.

His anxiety, as may be easily conceived, was now extreme. Uncertain even of the direction in which the village where he had hoped to sleep lay, (for such was his uneasiness, combined with the darkness which had so suddenly enveloped him, that he actually forgot the points of the compass, with which the traveller of the desert will always be familiar, if he have regard for his

safety,) he knew not whither to turn. At every few yards he stopped, and listened, if haply some noise that indicated a human abode might reach his ears: but, if one moment his spirits were cheered at the thought that he was approaching a friendly habitation, the next his heart sunk within him, as he heard the fallacious sound die away in the dreary expanse. At one time he imagined he caught the bark of a dog, and he ran with all the speed which the darkness, and his weary limbs permitted, towards the spot from whence the gladdening note seemed to proceed; but too soon he found it was only the dismal moan of the nightblast, as it swept through the caverns of the mountain.

He now began to despond, and gave himself up for lost. The only hope that remained, the path which he had hitherto followed, eluded his anxious search. He was exhausted with hunger and fatigue. His limbs shook beneath him from agitation and weakness; and in the expressive language of scripture, 'his soul fainted within him.' He saw nothing before him but a houseless night, and ere the morrow dawned he would, in all probability, be no more. Fancy represented him as a prey to the wolf of the evening, or perishing from the chill and piercing cold of Alpine heights. He thought of home—

his family—his friends—and the melancholy sigh would not be repressed. He, whom he served, however, was with him to deliver. ‘From the ends of the earth’ he cried unto Him, and He had mercy upon him.

His situation was now truly distressing. Pensive, and dejected, he stood, turning his eyes in every direction, in hope to descry some light to which he might bend his way. Just at this instant he heard something moving beside him, but he could not distinguish for a time what it was, so dark had it become. At length it stopped before him, and stooping down to examine it, he found it was a little dog. The idea instantly suggested itself, that the animal was not far from its home, and that it was, probably, at the moment, going to seek shelter for the night. He accordingly followed the friendly messenger, and after a walk of considerable anxiety, though alleviated by hope, he thought he discerned a cottage. He approached it, and it proved to be the abode of a poor shepherd and his wife. They were in bed, but rose immediately on hearing the voice of a benighted stranger, imploring protection. With ‘busy haste,’ and with a cheerfulness that bespoke the pleasure it gave them to assist a fellow-creature in distress, they kindled a fire, and provided the best supper their penury

could afford. This concluded, and when 'the man of God' had told them his simple tale, and declared his errand to their wilds, they kneeled in prayer; and, no doubt, He was with them, who promised that where two or three are met together in his name, there he would be to bless them, and that 'a cup of cold water,' given for His sake, should in no wise lose its reward. A little bed, such as their slender accommodations could supply, had been made in a corner of their cabin, and there the missionary thankfully reclined his weary limbs.

Next morning, the good shepherd and his humble partner were up betimes, and when their guest awoke, he found a breakfast consisting of all the delicacies, the deep poverty of his kind hosts could procure, ready for him to partake of. Surely it was an affecting sight! But the hour arrived when the missionary must be going on his way—he had to preach to others of the lost children of Adam. Again they kneeled in supplication, and he committed his kind benefactors, doubtless with tender solemnity, to God and the word of his grace. About to bid them farewell, he took out his purse, himself not rich—but they positively refused to accept of the smallest remuneration, assuring him that they were more than repaid, and asking only an interest in his prayers.

NOTE *m*—(Did not permit him to purchase exemption.)

A French gentleman, an acquaintance of the author's, affirmed that, if Buonaparte had remained so long on the throne he had usurped, as to call out the conscription of another year, it would have cost him £1,500 to obtain a substitute for his son.—Such were the blessings of the sceptre of Napoleon!

[See *p.* 98, *Vol.* I.]

(A lineal descendant of the great and good Philip de Mornay.)

Philip de Mornay, Lord of Plessis Marly, was born at Buhy in French Vexin, in 1549. He was descended from an ancient and noble family, which had produced several distinguished characters, and he himself at a very early age gave indications, that, if life were spared to him, he would not dishonour the stem from which he sprung. Being removed to Paris, when as yet a youth, he prosecuted his studies there with such application and success as to excite universal attention, learning, at that period, as the author of the *Henriade* remarks, being a very rare qualification in a man of rank, and soon acquired a reputation for abilities and erudition, which was destined to shine brighter

and brighter as his talents matured with his years.

Being a younger son, de Mornay was designed by his father for the church, as an easy and lucrative profession ; but his uncle, who intended to resign a valuable benefice in his favour, dying before he had taken orders, the plan was rendered abortive ; and his mother soon after embracing the tenets of the reformation, and effectually labouring, under the blessing from above, to instil them into the mind of her son, Philip at once abandoned every prospect of the preferment he had just reason to anticipate—like the Apostle of the Gentiles, conferring not with flesh and blood, when temporal advancement was laid in the balance against duty to God.

When the massacre of St. Bartholomew had warned the Huguenots of what they had reason to expect from the malice of their more powerful enemies, Mornay fled from France, and visited successively, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, the Low Countries, and England, forming acquaintance as he proceeded with several of the most eminent characters of the day. Though very young when he set out upon his travels, to his honour be it remarked, or rather to the praise of Him who ordered his goings, that the votary Pleasure was absorbed in the Philosopher and

the Christian. In the countries through which he passed, he examined whatever was worthy of notice, making such observations on men and things as might be of use to him in after-life ; thus storing his mind with useful knowledge, and preparing himself for those labours by which he subsequently rendered such signal services to his own immediate connexions, and to the church of Christ at large.

In 1576, Mornay avowed himself publicly as the enemy of the popish persecutors, and took up arms in defence of those who groaned so heavily beneath their yoke. He not long after presented himself at the court of the king of Navarre, so celebrated in the sequel under the title of Henry IV. of France, who received him very graciously, and appointed him to one of the first places in his council. So sensible was that discerning prince of his probity and talents, and such was his confidence in his integrity, that he chose him for his most important embassies, never giving him any other instructions than a *carte blanche* with his signature annexed. While Henry continued attached to the reformed religion, du Plessis was abundant in labour in his service, and alike ready to serve him with his sword and pen ; but when that unhappy monarch finally abandoned his former adherents, and, to

secure his throne, turned his back upon every hope of heaven, and every duty he owed to God, Mornay, his friend and subject, reproached him in the severest terms, and ultimately withdrew from court.

The remaining period of his life was usefully and honourably employed in supporting the principles of the reformation, which he did in various much esteemed treatises, still extant. His best work, and that which has most contributed to establish his reputation as a theologian, is that which bears the title of "The Truth of the Christian Religion." This book was dedicated to Henry IV. who had not yet ascended the throne of France.

In the following year a translation from his own pen appeared in Latin, the language generally adopted by the learned of that period in their theological discussions. In his preface he thus speaks: "As a Frenchman, I have endeavoured to serve my own country first; and as a Christian, the universal kingdom of Christ next."

It is observed of him by Baillet, that the Protestants of France had great reason to be proud of having such a man as Mornay du Plessis of their party; a gentleman, who, besides the nobleness of his birth, was distinguished by

many fine qualities both natural and acquired. Another writer, himself a Catholic, remarks, that error never had an abettor more capable of giving it validity. *

The author of the *Henriade* has presented us with the following brief, but not inelegant sketch of the character of his distinguished countryman:

Mornay, son confident, mais jamais son flatteur,
Trop vertueux soutien du parti de l'erreur,
Qui, signalant toujours son zèle et sa prudence,
Sertit également son église et la France ;
Censeur des courtisans, mais à la cour aimé,
Fier ennemi de Rome, et de Rome estimé.†

He died in the full hope of the gospel, and in the 75th year of his age, at his baronial seat of La Forêt-sur-Seure in Poictou, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, many of whom

* L'erreur n'eut jamais de soutien plus capable de l'accréditer.

† Mornay—that friend in adverse seasons tried,
Pity such virtue were on error's side !
Mornay—whose heart, from truth untaught to swerve,
Dared not to flatter, though 'twould bleed to serve,
Promoting still, by prudence and by zeal,
As well his country's as his church's weal ;
Beloved at court, to courtiers though a foe :
Esteem'd by Rome, though bent on Rome's overthrow.

were walking in the steps of their father. These he ceased not to exhort to persevere in their christian profession, and to continue faithful even unto the end, until utterance failed, and his lips were sealed in death.

The writer of the foregoing memoir once met with an old volume, which was in the possession of a friend in Switzerland, in which was a very interesting account of the last moments of Philip de Mornay. He regrets, however, that his memory only furnishes the remark, with which he has concluded his notice of that excellent man.

NOTE n—(When sinking into the grave, the consolatory hope, &c.)

The following anecdote will be found a melancholy contrast to this pleasing scene of Christian anticipation.

Strolling one morning along the shore of the Mediterranean, near to the spot where Buonaparte landed on his return from Elba, I observed a fisherman walking backwards and forwards beside his boat, as I conjectured. His arms were folded across his breast: his feeble step denoted a debilitated frame: and his dejected look indicated the despondency of his mind. I approached and accosted him;

" You are an old man?"

" Yes."

" What age are you?"

" I am eighty years of age?"

" That is a long time to live?"

" Ah, it's too long! It's too long!" (C'est trop!
C'est trop!)

The abruptness of his address—the tone in which he spoke, betokening a gloomy dissatisfaction—all comfort gone here, without a hope hereafter—almost overwhelmed me. " Oh," my soul ejaculated, " that that withered heart could hear and receive those tidings of great joy, which have brought life and immortality to light!"

NOTE o—(Their dear boys would be preserved.)

There was ' a son of consolation' even in the armies of Buonaparte. In the simple story of this man, the faithfulness of God is strikingly exemplified. By birth a Swiss, and descended from pious parents, he had been educated with much solicitude, and a blessing seemed to rest on the labours and prayers of those to whose care he had been committed. At length the period arrived when he was to follow his countrymen,

and carry arms in the cause of the usurper. It was now that his faith was to be tried. His little Bible was his companion, and almost the only one, of his melancholy way. For a season he was diligent in reading and prayer: but he was finally led by the wicked companions, with whom he was compelled more or less to associate, to discard his studies, and abandon a throne of grace.

In this situation years passed away. He served in many campaigns, and received numerous wounds—still, however, protected from death, and guided in eventual safety by an unseen hand. There was an eye over him for good. His iniquity was visited with the rod; but the loving kindness of a Redeemer did not suffer his faithfulness utterly to fail. He was brought back to his Bible—to his retirement—to his knees. His sins were placed in the light of God's countenance; but, through the riches of Divine grace, they were not hid from his own. He threw himself at the foot of the cross: he 'looked on him whom he had pierced, and mourned:' but his sorrow was of a godly kind, and wrought 'a repentance unto salvation not to be repented of.'

The writer has often found it sweet to talk with this humble and 'devout soldier,' and listen to the simple narrative of his sufferings, and his

mercies. When I was acquainted with him, he resided in Ferney, where he had occasionally the benefit of hearing a pious minister. He was much broken in constitution from his wounds and hardships, but appeared to be journeying in tranquil expectation to his eternal home, earning 'his bread in the sweat of his brow', and wishing to pass his days, unmolested and unmolested. A little present I made him of a few religious books, which are scarcely to be met with in the French language, was very gratefully received: and I afterwards learned, that he had expressed himself as having been much comforted and edified by the perusal of them.—I was thankful to be permitted to help this poor outcast of Israel on his way.

NOTE *p*—(Permitted to retain the inheritance of their fathers.)

The author, while rambling with a friend along the banks of the lake on the side of Savoy, at the distance of twenty or thirty miles from Geneva, accidentally came upon the premises of a nobleman as we conjectured, though we could not ascertain his rank. He was then far advanced in years, but of a most dignified appearance, carrying in his exterior the man 'bred in courts.' He had, at the period alluded to, just returned

from exile ; and it was truly melancholy to see him wandering like a shade amidst his dilapidated possessions. His chateau was in ruins, his grounds uncultivated, his garden over-run with weeds, his walls broken down, and himself in poverty, and tottering to the grave. He received us, however, with the utmost courtesy, took us through his demesne, shewed us its favourable points, walked with us through his vineyard, which was beautifully situated on a declivity by the water-side ; then, turning to his once-comely mansion, said : “ I was going to repair it, when the French came.”

We left him, grateful for his attentions, and pitying his misfortunes.

NOTE q—(Alarms the unsuspecting villagers.)

It not unfrequently happens in the severity of the winter, that the ‘ wolf of the evening’ will extend its predatory incursions to the very gates of Geneva. A friend of mine informed me, that he had himself seen the traces of one of these dangerous visitors in the neighbourhood of his residence.

Some few years ago three peasants coming to market were met in a wood, which covers the sides of a hill a league or two distant from Ge-

neva, by a troop of these ferocious animals, which attacked and devoured them, leaving only some faint vestiges to tell the melancholy event.

NOTE r—(And repeat it to a thousand echoes.)

The following description of a storm, contemplated from the banks of the lake, will present those of our readers, who may not have had an opportunity of witnessing a similar scene, with some faint idea of the magnificence of such a spectacle, viewed from such a place.

“The sky is changed! and such a change: Oh, night
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong;
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of pardon to the spirit! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!”

“And this is in the night: most awful night!
How deep thy voice of warning! Let me be
Humble, and thoughtful, at so dread a sight,
As if my soul might pass to God in thee!
How the lit lake shines a phosphoric sea,
And the large drops come trembling to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and I would flee
From the loud hills, and their appalling mirth.—
Not so the morning-stars did joy them o'er their birth!”

*

"Now dark and dreary, where the rapid Rhone
 With Arva blends,* the tempest rides in wrath;
 Yet turns, and looks upon his way, anon;
 And back the lightning shoots along his path—
 As it would show what energy it hath.
 Again it thunders on the Jura's crest;
 That you would think she scarce could fetch her breath,
 'Midst the wild uproar rolling o'er her breast.—
 Now all is hushed and still :—the storm has sunk to rest!"

* Though the Arva falls into the Rhone at but a short distance below Geneva, their waters, which are of a totally opposite nature, the one being clear as crystal, the other dark and muddy, run far together, side by side, before they amalgamate, furnishing a spectacle well worthy the contemplation of the naturalist.

[See p. 231-2, Vol. I.]

(Lay mangled in the Louvre by the dagger
 of Ravailiac.)†

Amidst the eulogies which have been lavished
 on Henry IV. of France, it may, perhaps, ap-
 pear presumptuous in one, so little qualified to
 speak upon the subject, to offer an opinion,

† After his assassination, the mangled corpse was laid bleeding and uncovered in the Louvre, where it remained until the ferment of the public mind had in some degree subsided.

much more to question the justness of that veneration with which his memory is cherished. As the circumstances of our narrative, however, have brought him before us, it may not, possibly, be altogether irrelevant to the design with which our story has been begun and conducted, to make a few brief observations on his character.

That he was benevolent as a ruler, able as a politician, skilful and fortunate as a commander, valiant as a soldier, and generous as a man, are subjects on which the suffrages of his contemporaries, and of every succeeding age, are unanimous; and whether we survey him on the throne, in the cabinet, or in the field, we are compelled alike to acknowledge him as distinguished by no ordinary qualities. But it is not in this light that we have to consider him at present. A point of view far more interesting, and instructive, offers itself to the contemplation of the Christian. *His* thoughts are stretched beyond the narrow limits of time, and of a world that is passing rapidly away, and dwell on their occurrences, only, as connected with an unchanging scene!

To a mind, actuated by feelings similar to these, Henry IV. must present a subject of mournful meditation. Raised up, as he seemed to be, for a nursing father to the reformation,

then apparently hanging doubtful in the balance—endowed with pre-eminent talents, and uniting with the dignity of a sovereign the most engaging affability of manners, nor yet unable to discern between truth and error—we cannot but think him to have been peculiarly called upon to strengthen the hands of those who sought the peace of Jerusalem, just rising again, as it were, from the ruins of idolatry and superstition. His apostacy, therefore, at so critical a conjuncture, cannot but be contemplated by every pious breast with sensations of the deepest regret. But alas! in the whole course of Henry's life, if we except a promising interval when under the guardianship of a pious mother, and during the commencement of his public career, there is nothing which can lead us to suppose him vitally converted to the truth; and it will, consequently, be less matter of surprise, when we find him, at the memorable epoch of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, instead of boldly confessing his Redeemer, and going with him to prison and to death, refusing to participate in the sufferings of his persecuted disciples, shrinking from the danger, and ashamed of the obloquy of the cross.

In the view of the politician, Henry may possibly be excused for denying that faith, which he

had once embraced with so much apparent zeal and attachment. In doing so, he was, ostensibly, yielding to the unanimous solicitations of a powerful kingdom, while at the same time his compliance would enable him to protect the party he abandoned. But, are we to do evil, that good may come? Was Henry, for the attainment of any temporal end, to turn his back on the Gospel, and become an avowed defender of tenets and ceremonies he secretly despised? Let those, 'who mind earthly things,' hold such a sentiment—but far as the east is from the west, be it removed from the Christian!

On this melancholy occasion it was, that Philip de Mornay demonstrated the steady principles of rectitude which governed his conduct. Though bound to his unfortunate master by many ties of gratitude, interest, and affection, he nevertheless did not permit him to take such a step without severely reproaching him. But, unhappily, the praise of men was more valued than the praise of God; and the splendour of a Parisian court preferred to the glorious reversion of a crown, whose lustre would never tarnish or decay; and the voice of his faithful counsellor was drowned in the anticipation of enjoyments, the futility of which he was destined so lamentably to prove.

His apologist, it is true, may throw his vices into the shade, or deem them venial errors; a 'world that lieth in wickedness' may palliate and excuse them; and the votary of pleasure may imitate their dangerous example: yet, were they such as the Eternal Spirit has declared, that whoso is guilty of them God will judge—judge with unbiassed impartiality, for He respecteth not the person of any, and will render unto every man according to his deeds. And, when we reflect on that fearful tribunal at which the dagger of Ravallac sent this unhappy monarch so suddenly to appear,* the mind instinctively turns, and shudders while it does so, to the terrific denunciation; 'indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish upon every soul that doeth evil.'

* It is related by Guy Patin, though Sully says he could never trace the rumour to any authentic source, that Ravallac had a brother who died in Holland, and who declared in his last moments, that, if François (the assassin) had failed in his meditated enterprize, he was himself ready to make a similar attempt to revenge the injury Henry had done their family, in enticing their sister from the home of her nativity, and afterwards throwing her bereft of character, and destitute of subsistence, on the world. O that such awful instances of retributive justice may induce us to walk circumspectly, and invite, and, under a higher influence, win us to the faith and fear of God!

France may boast of such a ruler, for, as a king, he added to her laurels, and consolidated her empire; but to those who regard him as placed in a commanding sphere of action, and singled out, as one would almost have believed from the early tenour of his life, to be a blessing to the age in which he was born, and then survey him an apostate, debased by the lowest vices, and terminating an abused existence by an untimely and awful death,—surely his example will proclaim, with no common voice of admonition, that the path of the Christian, in peace and retirement fulfilling the appointed duties of his station, however humble or obscure, is infinitely to be preferred to the glitter of a throne, surrounded by all the pageantry of human grandeur. A deceitful heart may imagine a temporal kingdom, a possession worthy of an everlasting risk; but the disciple of the Redeemer, though despised and rejected, like his master, while, to use the simple but beautiful metaphor of the poet,

“ In the chariot of redeeming love
He sweetly travels the celestial road,”

will consider its honours, as snares and temptations, almost too mighty for flesh and blood, and will rejoice, and be thankful, that his lot on *earth* is lowly, and himself withdrawn from the

dangers ever attendant on, we might almost have said, inseparably connected with, an elevated station.

[See p. 6, Vol. II.]

(He was discovered asleep in the morning by a pretty peasant girl, who, ignorant of his rank, awoke him, saying it was dangerous to sleep there, and, observing him exhausted, offered him some milk which she was bringing from the mountain, and whom he afterwards made the partner of his throne.)*

Gustavus III. King of Sweden, passing one morning on horseback through a village in the neighbourhood of his capital, observed a young peasant girl of interesting appearance drawing water at a fountain by the way-side. He went up to her, and asked her for a drink. Without delay she lifted her pitcher, and with the most

* Though the anecdote here related has no immediate or necessary connexion with the interesting circumstance alluded to in the narrative, the author hopes his readers will not be displeased at his introducing it in this place.

artless simplicity, put it to the lips of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst, and courteously thanked his benefactress: "My pretty girl," said he, "if you would accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavour to fix you in a more agreeable situation."

"Ah, Sir," replied the girl, "I cannot accept your proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the providence of God has placed me; but even if I were, and I am sure from your manner you do not wish to deceive me, I could not for an instant hesitate."

"And why?" rejoined the king, somewhat surprised.

"Because," answered the girl, colouring, "my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one but me to assist, or comfort her under her many afflictions; and no earthly bribe could induce me to leave her, or to neglect to discharge the duties nature and affection require from me."

"Where is your mother?" asked the monarch.

"In that little cabin," replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her.

The king, whose feelings were already interested in favour of his companion, went in, and beheld stretched on a bed-stead, whose only covering was a handful of straw, an aged female, weighed down with years, and sinking

under an accumulation of infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch addressed her: "I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute and afflicted a condition."

"Alas, Sir," answered the venerable sufferer, "I should be indeed to be pitied, had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labours to support me, and omits nothing she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it to her for good!" she added, wiping away a tear.

Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible than at that moment of the pleasure of possessing an exalted station. The gratification arising from the consciousness of having it in his power to assist a suffering fellow-creature, though his subject, for once almost overpowered him; and, putting a purse into the hand of the young villager, he could only say: "Continue to take care of your mother. I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good by, my amiable girl—you may depend on the promise of your king."

On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on the mother, with reversion to her daughter at her demise. Would that many such anecdotes could be related of princes and rulers!

NOTE 3—(The melancholy, but elegant and affecting lines of poor Tasso).

The stanza alluded to was written by its unfortunate author during the long captivity in which he was so unjustly detained by the Duke of Ferrara; and it is supposed to be the only production of his pen during the eleven years of his imprisonment. It is as follows:

Tu che ne vai in Pindo,
Ivi pende mia cetra ad un cipresso,
Salutala in mio nome, e dille poi,
Ch' io son dagli anni, e da fortuna oppresso.

"Thou that goest to Pindus, where my harp hangs on a cypress, salute it in my name, and tell it, that I am weighed down with years and misfortunes."—It is not to be wondered at, indeed, that a mind unsupported by the hopes of the gospel, however naturally vigorous, should sink under such a complication of suffering. The writer of this note visited the place of his confinement. It is a miserable cell, about twelve feet square, into which the sun never shines. Here it was that the far-famed author of the 'Jerusalem Delivered,' dragged out so many years of a wretched existence.—Now, he and his accuser are alike summoned to their account.

A heathen could feel the transitory nature of all sublunary things, and exclaim ; "Fugit irrevocabile tempus—omnibus una sors accidit." But what was his deduction ? "Carpe diem :"—"Enjoy the present,"

"And snatch the fleeting moment as it flies."

Let us, however, examine on this subject the records of Inspiration ; and their superiority will be apparent to the most unthinking mind. 'This I say, brethren, the time is short. It remaineth that they that weep, be as though they wept not ; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not ; and they that use this world, as not abusing it, (or, as the passage might perhaps be better rendered, as though they used it not), for the fashion of this world passeth away.' But what conclusion is drawn from this melancholy picture of the instability of this mortal scene ? 'Let us, therefore, fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.' Again : 'let us, therefore, labour to enter into that rest'—for, 'how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation ?'—'and the night cometh wherein no man can work.' How different the language of the Redeemer from the stoical apathy, and the

listless voluptuousness of the heathen!—‘If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.’

NOTE 1—(The pledges of a Redeemer’s dying love).

The custom which prevailed in the primitive churches at the admission of young persons to the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper on Whit-sunday, (so called from the dress in which the candidates, more especially the female part, appeared on that occasion), is still retained in many of the foreign protestant ecclesiastical communities.

The young women, clothed in white, are seated on one side of the pulpit, and the young men in suitable apparel on the other. They are then addressed by the minister, who explains to them the nature and import of the institution, and sets before them the duties and conversation becoming the avowal of their faith in, and allegiance to, the King of Zion. His discourse concluded, they are admitted alone, without any of the congregation participating in the ordinance, to the public profession of followers of the Redeemer.

The scene is often solemn and imposing, and the effect correspondingly striking, many of the young candidates, particularly the female part, being frequently bathed in tears.

NOTE u—(He was instantly overwhelmed.)

The devastations occasioned by the fall of the glacier of Gétroz, and the consequent accumulation of the waters of the Dranse, with its attendant effects, an instance of which is here alluded to, are occasionally found mentioned in the history of Switzerland. In the 'Conservateur Suisse' an account is preserved of a tremendous inundation, which occurred in the sixteenth century. It is thus noticed by the native of an adjoining canton, who visited the scene of desolation soon after the last of these awful visitations:

"It is beyond doubt, that the Dranse has more than once, in those remote ages of which no memorial has been handed down to posterity, laid waste this beautiful district. Several of our national historians, however, speak of a frightful inundation which took place in the course of the sixteenth century. Though they differ in opinion as to the cause of the melancholy catastrophe, some attributing it to an earthquake,

others to the fall of a mountain which impeded the current of the Dranse, but which was indubitably occasioned, as of late, by the bursting of a lake formed in the valley below, they are unanimous in affirming, that a hundred and forty lives were lost on the occasion, five hundred houses overwhelmed, and all the bridges above that of St. Maurice, where the valley widens, and where, consequently, the violence of the current would be diminished, swept away. To this detail we may add the destruction of the village of Bagnes, with its baths, which were at that time in high estimation, and some galleries which had been just opened into a silver mine in the vicinity. The chronicles of that period disagree with respect to the year in which this inundation happened, some referring it to 1545, others to 1595; but it would seem to be pretty accurately determined by some records which are still in existence. They are as follow:

1st. On a beam in the ceiling of a house in the Cortey de Bagnes, are these letters, with the intervening date:—M. O. F. F. 1595. L. Q. B. F. I. P. L. G. D. G. of which the following explanation is given by Mr. Vaudan, late Mayor of Bagnes:

Maurice Olliet fait faire 1595, l'an que Bagnes fut inondé par le glacier de Gétroz.

(Erected by Maurice Olliet, in the year that Bagnes was inundated by the glacier of Gétroz.)

2nd. In the village of Martigny, these words are still to be seen engraved upon a beam in the house of Mr. Gay, the painter :

Submersio Burgi Martigniaci planitie, 4 Juni 1595, inundatione aquæ Drancie provenientis è valle Bagnarum, loco appellato Mauvoisin. (The borough-town of Martigny and the adjacent plain were inundated by the waters of the Dranse, coming from a place called Mauvoisin, in the valley of Bagnes.)

3rd. In the memoirs of Mr. Ignatius, (still extant in MS.) himself an eye-witness of the circumstance, the following note is found :

1595, die 25 Maii, maxima inundatio aquarum prorumpentium ex valle Bagnearum; submersio Burgi Martigniaci; deletio agrorum pagorumque intra paucas horas. Perire 70 homines noti, de ignotis non fit mentio: cæteris verò juga salutem quærentibus, omni fortunâ ablata. Ditissimi pauperrimi facti. (On the 25th of May, 1595, there was a dreadful inundation, occasioned by waters issuing violently from the valley of Bagnes. In the space of a few hours, the borough-town of Martigny was overflowed, and the fields and villages in the neighbourhood destroyed. Seventy gentlemen

of fortune perished, besides those of inferior rank, of whom no mention is made. Others, who sought shelter in the mountains, have been reduced to a state of the most absolute destitution. Those who were the richest among us are now in the most abject poverty.) The only disagreement observable in these accounts is, in the date, which is immaterial, the difference being merely that of a few days. A greater degree of credit, however, appears to attach itself to the latter, as it is related by an eyewitness of the event he records.*

The most recent of these inundations occurred

* Sans doute, l'indomptable Dranse a plus d'une fois dévasté cette belle contrée, dans ces anciens temps dont on n'a conservé aucun souvenir: mais plusieurs de nos historiens nationaux parlent d'une inondation affreuse arrivée dans le cours du seizième siècle. Ils sont tous d'accord à rapporter qu'elle fit périr 140 personnes, qu'elle anéantit plus de 500 batiments, qu'elle entraîna tous les ponts jusqu'à celui de St. Maurice; qu'elle détruisit le bourg central de Bagues, ses bains alors très fréquentés, et les galeries ouvertes depuis peu pour exploiter une mine d'argent. Mais, s'ils sont d'accord sur ces détails, ils ne le sont, ni sur la cause de ce malheur, qu'ils attribuent les uns à un tremblement de terre, les autres à une chute de montagne dans la Dranse, et qui incontestablement venait, comme la dernière débacle, de l'écoulement subit d'un lac formé au fond de la vallée, ni sur sa date, que la moitié de nos chroniqueurs placent en 1585,

in the summer of 1818. The spot was visited by the writer of these pages immediately subse-

et l'autre en 1595: cette dernière est la véritable, comme nous en allons fournir les preuves à nos lecteurs.

1. Sur une poutre du plafond d'une maison au Cortey de Bagnès, sont encore ces lettres initiales :

M. O. F. F. 1595. L. Q. B. F. I. P. L. G. D. G.

M. Vaudan, ancien Maire de Bagnès, en donne l'explication suivante: *Maurice Olliet fait faire 1595, l'an que Bagnès fut inondé par le glacier de Gêvroz.*

2. Au bourg de Martigny, on lit ces mots dans la maison de M. le peintre Gay :

Submersio Burgi Martigniaci et planitiei 4. Juni 1595, inundatione aquæ Dranciæ provenientis à valle Bagnarum, loco appellato Mauvoisin.

3. Enfin, M. Ignace, ancien magistrat de Martigny, témoin oculaire de cette débacle, a laissé des mémoires manuscrits, où se trouve cette courte mais précieuse note :

1595, die 25 Maii, maxima inundatio aquarum prorumpentium ex valle Bagnarum; submersio Burgi Martigniaci; deletio agrorum pagorumque inter paucas horas. Periere 70 homines noti, de ignotis non fit mentio: ceteris vero juga salutem quærentibus, omni fortunâ ablatâ. Ditissimi pauperes facti.

L'année est la même, mais il y a une différence de dix jours entre les deux dates, et l'on doit préférer la dernière, parceque le témoin oculaire est plus exact, et par conséquent plus digne de foi que l'autre individu, qui probablement a fait son inscription de mémoire plusieurs années après l'évènement.—*Seconde Course à la Vallée de Bagnès, et Détails sur les Ravages occasionnés par l'Ecoulement du Lac de Mauvoisin.*

quent to the melancholy catastrophe, and language would almost fail to depict the scene of desolation that presented itself. Whole villages were swept away, while here and there stood only some wretched memorial that they once had been. Among others the well-known and beautiful hamlet of Martigny was destroyed, with the exception of the church and a few scattered houses. Below, where the valley widens, after the junction of the Rhone and the Dranse, the roads were so completely inundated, that the author and his companion, being on foot at the time, were obliged to undress, and wade for near a quarter of a mile. In other places, more immediately exposed to the action of the current, the roads were rendered impassable, as the author and his friend found by painful experience.

The rapidity of the torrent, as related to the writer by an eye-witness, was incredible. With the intention of giving the alarm at the villages lower down the valley, the moment he heard the rush of the water, he mounted his horse, and, taking a short cut, galloped with all speed; but the flood had fulfilled its awful errand, long ere he reached the first village on his way, hurrying men, women, and children to untimely

graves.* So violent was the reaction of the air, caused by the rapidity of the current, that the largest trees were torn up by the roots, on the sides of the mountains that confined it.

NOTE v.—(And gave them the kiss of peace.)

The particulars of the closing scene of Emily's life were furnished almost entirely by the little memoir mentioned in a preceding note. That portion of it connected with her taking leave of her family and friends was somewhat different; but the writer was unwilling to interrupt the narrative by a longer detail of circumstances, which, however interesting in themselves, might perhaps have been too minute for the generality of readers.

Those, who have visited foreign countries, will recognize the custom here alluded to, as practised by both sexes, and common to all ranks. The author once received a salutation of this kind, which he will long remember. It was

* The water burst its barriers at half-past 4 in the evening, and reached Bagnes, eighteen miles distant, in the inconceivably short space of 40 minutes. As the valley widened, its impetuosity was of course proportionally diminished.

from an aged pastor of the Waldenses, one in whom humility, that first of the christian graces, was eminently conspicuous. The big tear stood in his eye, while he kissed me, and gave me his parting blessing.

But alas! the kiss is not always a token of peace: 'Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?'

NOTE *w*—(Entered on his repose.)

It does not appear precisely at what period Ethily's father died: but it is immaterial to the story. All that the writer knows on the subject is contained in the following words: '*Il l'avoit précédée dans le séjour des consolations éternelles*'—(he had gone before her into the abode of everlasting consolations.)

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